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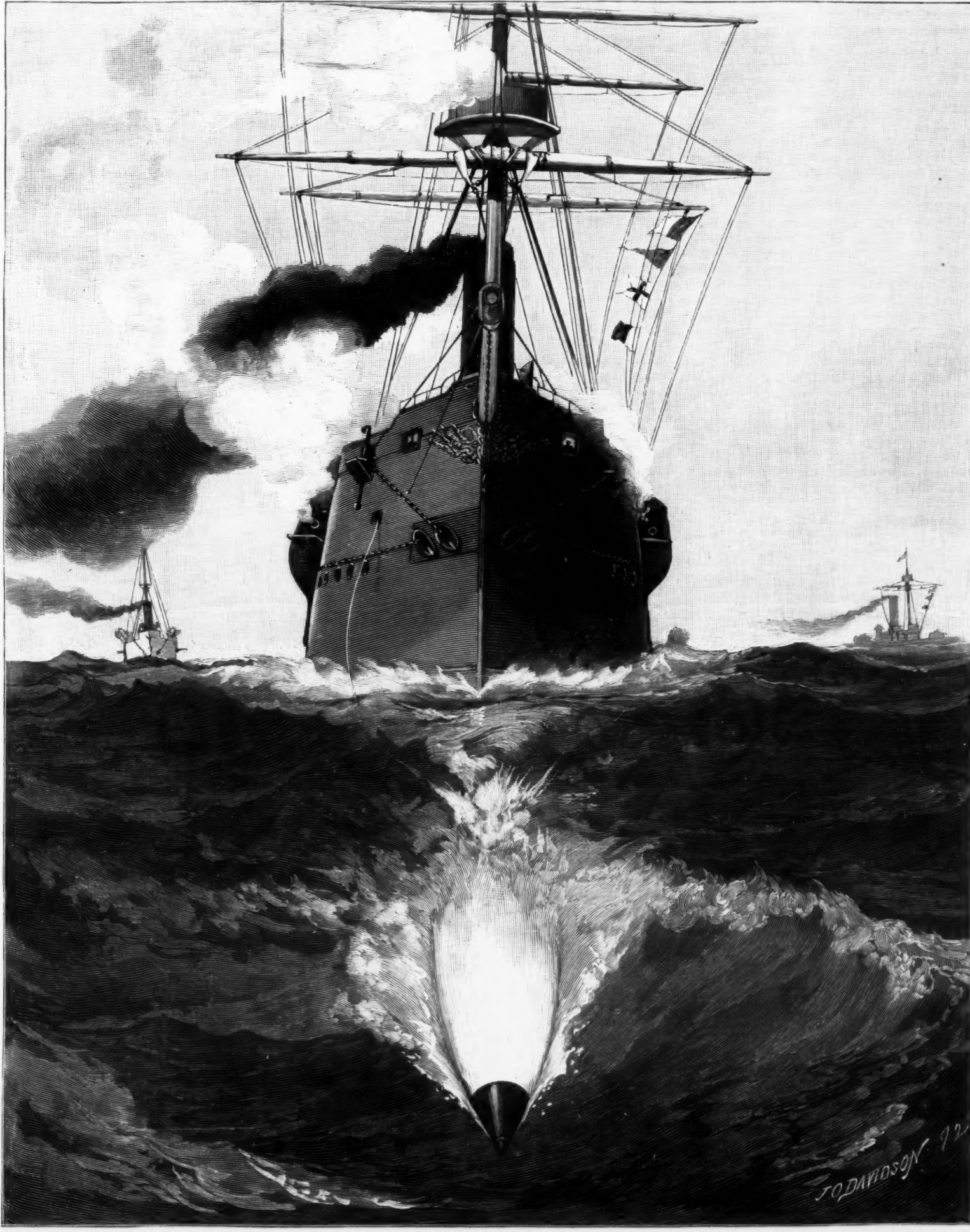
DEC 8 1892
CITY OF WASHINGTON

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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MODERN TORPEDO WARFARE.

CLEARING THE TRACK—RAM, OF THE CRUISER "CHICAGO" CLASS, FOLLOWING TORPEDO INTO ACTION.
DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE EDITORIAL ARTICLE ON PAGE 413.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

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A CHANGE NEEDED.

IN another article we have referred to some of the influences which combined to produce the recent Republican reverse. We are not among those who believe that, with ordinary wisdom in the party councils, this reverse will be permanent in its effects. There is too much of genuine vitality in Republicanism to warrant any such dismal apprehension. But it is true at the same time that if the Republican party wishes to recover its lost ground speedily, and become a permanent force in the future politics of the country, it must recognize its errors and adapt itself to existing conditions. One of its great mistakes in recent years has been its practical ostracism of young men, eager and anxious to take their part in political affairs, and many of them peculiarly qualified for the intelligent and patriotic performance of all the functions of citizenship. It is noticeable in this and some other States that the party management rests to-day almost identically in the same hands which have controlled it for a quarter of a century. Comparatively few new men have come to the front. While our politics have taken on new issues, and our political life has undergone many important changes, the party control has remained with those who are largely out of sympathy with new and broadening ideas, and our campaigns have been run in narrow and worn-out grooves. It is the simple fact that in the city of New York, and largely in the State, the spirit of bossism has repressed the legitimate ambition of thousands of men who, under any proper encouragement, would have brought to the party fresh impulses, new vigor, and an energy and enthusiasm which would have compelled success. The system of organization in the city, controlled by machine men, consolidates in a few hands the absolute direction of party affairs. The party must change all this if it would call to its standard those to whom the country must look in future for the character of its government and the quality of its law. If the Bourbons in our ranks, the men who have run the party until they have brought it to disaster, refuse to release their hold, they must be shaken loose by an assertion of the power of the best elements of the party, intent not upon self-aggrandizement but the promotion of the highest public interests.

There is another feature of the situation in this State which must receive attention. Many of our so-called Republican leaders, especially in New York and in Brooklyn, are so closely allied with the enemy that the interests of the party are never safe when their own personal interests are to be promoted by bargains and deals. Scores of men could be mentioned who, occupying conspicuous places in the party management, have repeatedly jeopardized the party's interests by alliances which had no other motive than their personal gain. If the party is ever to make head in this city, these demoralizing influences must be eliminated, and men must be called to the front who at all times and under all circumstances will hold up the Republican standard as against all combinations and compromises. It is a scandal that the party which stands for so much in American politics and whose achievements have given so many lustrous pages to American history is led by men who subordinate principle to personal ends.

FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY has more than once declared that the Republican management in this State must be radically revolutionized if the party is to acquire permanent ascendancy. We are more than ever convinced that it cannot hold its ground against the well-disciplined enemy whose policy tends to encourage young men to seek their fold, and which in every case looks distinctively to party success, until it recognizes the supremacy of principle and puts itself squarely abreast of the spirit and demands of the times.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

THE determination of the government to persist in its policy restricting immigration as a precaution against the introduction of cholera will be applauded by all classes of citizens. It is understood that the President's order imposing a twenty-days' quarantine on all steerage immigrants will be rigorously enforced indefinitely. In one

instance, recently, nearly two thousand immigrants were detained at Cape Charles, having been brought from Bremen in violation of the President's order.

This whole subject of the regulation of immigration is of such vital importance that it can hardly fail to receive attention at the coming session of Congress. It is not in any sense a question of partisanship. It concerns the safety of the whole people. It involves, indeed, the security of our institutions. We have wonderful powers of absorption and assimilation, but we cannot much longer continue the process of absorbing the dangerous immigration which has been latterly pouring in upon us in such tremendous volume. The question must be treated upon high public grounds, in a spirit of the broadest statesmanship. If the Democratic party, which is to have control of all the branches of the government, will address itself to the enactment of laws designed to keep out all "undesirable immigrants," it will entitle itself to the thanks of the whole country. But if that party, as such, shall for any reason fail in this particular, the Republicans in Congress should speedily formulate a scheme of legislation and give it their unanimous support, relying for its success upon the co-operation of those more intelligent Democrats who may be able to rise above partisan feeling in a matter of such supreme national concern.

MR. CLEVELAND'S DIFFICULTIES.

THE newspapers inform us that Mr. Cleveland is greatly worried by the pressure of Democratic politicians, who are eager to commit him to their particular schemes. He is said to be especially annoyed by the persistence of the anti-snappers in their efforts to array him against "the Tammany crowd," and it is intimated that if the pressure becomes too severe he may show his ugly side and break with the virtuous gentlemen who are undertaking to run him in furtherance of their personal revenges.

It is not surprising that Mr. Cleveland should resent the effort to control his action in these particulars. Whatever may be the fact as to his campaign pledges to the Tammany organization—and it is only fair to say that while on the one hand he is declared to have entered into positive engagements, it is, on the other hand, alleged with equal emphasis that no such pledges exist—it will obviously be very difficult for him to steer between the Scylla and Charybdis of these contending influences. Then, too, Mr. Cleveland realizes more acutely than many of his advisers the difficulties which will confront him and his party upon assuming control in all branches of the government. He has already expressed himself on this point with characteristic candor. In some remarks at a recent dinner given in his honor, he said: "When I consider all that we have to do as a party charged with the control of the government, I feel that our campaign, instead of being concluded, is but just begun. If we see nothing in our victory but a license to revel in partisan spoils we shall fail at every point. If we merely profess to enter upon our work, and if we make apparent endeavor to do it a cover for seeking partisan advantage, we shall invite contempt and disgrace."

In these words Mr. Cleveland discloses the exact difficulties of the situation in which he is placed. The great body of his followers construe the party victory merely as an opportunity to seize the spoils. Many of the leaders have no thought whatever, now that they have acquired power, of carrying out the pledges made to the people on any of the subjects which were in issue in the recent canvass. On the other hand, there are some influential men in the party who are intensely in earnest in their demand for the overthrow of the protective system, and will insist upon attacking it at once without regard to rhyme or reason. The President-elect understands this clearly and distinctly. He sees that it will require almost superhuman power to bring his party to a consistent performance of its engagements, and that with the dissensions which already exist as to some vital questions of public policy, no coherent scheme of legislation can be hoped for. And if the party promises are not kept as to the tariff and the currency, what then?

Then, too, in addition to the trouble from these questions of policy, peril looms ominously in the agitation as to a special session of Congress. It is not probable that such a session would be convened merely to take up the tariff and currency issues. But the exigencies of the treasury may compel an extra session. The largely increased appropriations of the present Democratic House have so exhausted the revenues that a deficit at the close of the present fiscal year seems now to be unavoidable. Calculations, moreover, as to the remoter future must be based on uncertainty. In the expectation of a reduced tariff, importers of foreign goods are likely to postpone their orders just as long as possible in order to secure the benefit of lower duties. If this course shall be pursued, the revenues from imports during the next year may be seriously diminished. If, in obedience to this emergency, an extra session shall be convened, can the more impulsive wing of the party be restrained from precipitating a conflict as to other issues, and so bring new perils upon the ruling party?

Mr. Cleveland's anxiety as to the future is certainly justified by the facts of the situation. He speaks the simple truth when he says that the campaign of the suc-

cessful party is only just begun. It will prove infinitely more difficult to use wisely the victory achieved than it proved, in the peculiar state of public opinion, to acquire ascendancy in the government.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

ARCTIC exploration seems to have a peculiar fascination for adventurous spirits. Two expeditions to the North Pole are now said to be in contemplation. The famous Norwegian explorer, Dr. Nansen, proposes to set out in June next on a voyage of discovery along entirely new and conjectural lines. Arguing from the fact that certain wreckage from the *Jeannette* expedition was eight years ago carried to the coast of Greenland from the opposite side of the Polar Sea on a piece of ice, the explorer concludes that there is a direct route across the Arctic Ocean by way of the North Pole, and he will undertake to find the current and realize the hope that such a route exists. His expedition will consist of ten or twelve men, and two-thirds of the cost is to be paid by the Norwegian government, the remainder being made up by King Oscar and others. Dr. Nansen will take with him provisions for five years, but he believes that he will be able to accomplish his purpose in less time than this.

Meanwhile, it is announced that Lieutenant Peary, who recently returned from a successful Greenland expedition, is desirous of conducting another expedition to the polar region. His plan, as far as matured, contemplates establishing a headquarters at some far northern point on the Greenland coast, and going thence, after procuring Esquimaux helpers, on sledges over the rough ice of the Arctic Sea to the pole. The proposal is attended with serious difficulties, one of the chief of which would be the absence of fuel, but it is argued that a sufficient store might be accumulated in the course of a year or so to supply the needs of the expedition. It is believed that at least three years would be necessary to carry out his scheme effectually. Of course the services of Esquimaux and their dogs would be absolutely essential to success in the undertaking. It is said that the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences will encourage him in his expedition, and that no government aid will be asked. There can be no doubt at all as to his qualifications for such a great undertaking. The extraordinary success which attended his first expedition will go very far to establish public confidence in his ability to conduct satisfactorily the exploration contemplated.

IS THIS TRUE?

THE New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* is responsible for a very remarkable statement. Referring to the friendly relations which exist between Senator Hill and some Republican leaders, he alleges that the theft of the State Senate by the last Democratic Legislature was not made an issue in the recent canvass because of an understanding between these leaders and the Senator. His precise language is as follows:

"Hill's friendship with some of the Republican leaders is illustrated by an anecdote which came under my own observation. General Sharp, formerly speaker of the Assembly, and now one of the general board of appraisers, was asked why the Republicans had put to the rear in this canvass all suggestions of the theft of the State Senate. The general was told that if this outrage was brought home to the voters of the State they would be likely to condemn it. He put up his hands in alarm, saying: 'No, no, that must not be done; it is understood that we are to do nothing to offend Senator Hill. There is a tacit agreement that that shall go unmentioned.' Sharp is one of those Republicans with whom Senator Hill is on friendly terms."

The *Press* correspondent is more than ordinarily trustworthy, and seems to have access to the best sources of information. We are reluctant, however, to believe that the statement which he here makes is founded upon fact. We can hardly believe that any Republican who has been honored by the confidence of his party could so forget his obligations as to acquiesce in an arrangement looking to the abandonment, on any ground whatever, of an issue of such vital importance as that in question. There never was a more infamous invasion of the sovereignty of a people than that which was perpetrated by Senator Hill and his adherents in reversing the popular verdict as to the Legislature of 1891-92. Democratic ascendancy in this State, the gerrymander of the legislative districts, the prostitution of the judiciary to iniquitous partisan ends, were all results of this outrage upon the people. How could any Republican consent that such an outrage should be condoned without putting himself on a level with its perpetrators? It goes without saying that the Republican party of New York can never achieve success so long as such bargains as are here hinted at are possible. We go still further, and unhesitatingly declare that a party which permits itself to be thus dishonored by its leading men without indignant protest, does not deserve the public confidence. It is time, if such things as this are really done, that the men in the ranks should rise in their might and strangle the traitorous leaders, to the end that even greater disasters than that recently experienced may not overtake the party.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

THE recent action of Roman Catholic archbishops as to the school question is exciting a good deal of comment

The agreement at which they arrived in their conference, as stated by one of their number, is that Catholic children must be sent to Catholic schools for purposes of religious training, and that afterward they may be permitted to attend the public schools. This is construed as a compromise between the opponents of the school system in that church and those of its prelates who are more tolerant in their views and more in sympathy with the American spirit. It is, at any rate, a point gained that the Roman Catholics abstain from organized opposition to the public-school system. Up to a very recent period that church has held the public schools to be ungodly, and almost universally put under the ban of its displeasure those parents who sent their children to the public instead of the parochial schools. That policy is apparently to be abandoned. But while the public-school system, instead of being condemned, is now tolerated, and parents will be permitted to send their children for secular education wherever they may choose, it is probable that in this concession the archbishops are controlled by expediency rather than by a real change in their views as to the general subject of education. However this may be, it is quite certain that the people of this country will never permit the public-school system to be overthrown or seriously impaired.

TORPEDO-BOATS.

In his report for 1890 Secretary Tracy printed a table showing the number of torpedo-boats possessed by the various navies in the world. At that time France had two hundred and ten, England had two hundred and six, Germany had one hundred and eighty, and even Turkey had thirty, and Japan twenty-four. The United States had one, the *Cushing*, a craft which is scarcely in the front rank of such vessels. The United States now has one more, is building another, and if Mr. Tracy's recommendations are carried out we'll soon have a dozen.

This country seems to have neglected this branch of warfare. We have built cruisers and are building battle-ships, but we have been only studying torpedoes, which until recently have been unsatisfactory at best. The stage of experiment is now nearly passed, and soon this country will be able to lead in this respect as in others of naval construction.

To show that this matter has not been neglected it may be recalled that the specifications for building every cruiser and battle-ship of the new navy have called for torpedo-tubes, usually six in each vessel. One tube invariably is in the bow and one in the stern, operated from the berth deck. They are about eighteen inches in diameter and terminate about four feet above the water. The other four tubes are called training tubes and are placed on each broadside.

So the fact is that although we seem to lack torpedo-boats, the real lack has been torpedoes. Each new vessel of the navy is really a torpedo-boat, and we are not so badly off as we appear to be.

For some time past factories have been humming in this country making the Whitehead and Howell torpedoes. They are cigar-shaped, about fifteen feet long, and weigh a little more than a ton each, and are able to destroy anything they hit. They go hissing through the water at the tremendous rate of from twenty-five to thirty knots an hour, and may be sent from one-half to a full mile with successful operation. Four things are necessary in a self-operating torpedo—velocity, range, ability to go in a straight line, and rending force. In the Whitehead torpedo compressed air is released inside the missile and propels it. In the Howell machine a fly-wheel inside receives an impetus of about nine thousand revolutions a minute from a special machine. When the wheel reaches its full capacity the torpedo is launched. The tubes in the vessels give the rectilinear direction, and the rending force is gun-cotton, which is in the nose of the torpedo, and is exploded on impact. Nearly all the new navy vessels have the fittings for the Howell torpedo. There are half a dozen other kinds which are now under experiment, the main object being to secure a missile of destruction that may be steered from the launching platform whether that be on land or water.

The possibilities of such a thunderbolt, backed by the powerful ram of one of the massive vessels of naval warfare, as they are planned to-day, may be inferred from the graphic and realistic illustration printed in this number of the WEEKLY.

THE PANAMA CANAL SCANDAL.

The investigation of the Panama Canal scandal by a committee of the French Chamber of Deputies is likely to uncover one of the worst and most gigantic swindles of the age. It has long been suspected that a large part of the vast sum of two hundred millions of dollars which was subscribed and obtained in one way or another for the construction of the canal was stolen or wasted. In the recent debate in the Chamber of Deputies it was directly stated that a former minister, a number of senators, and one hundred and fifty deputies were implicated in the irregularities and thefts. There seems, too, to be ample evidence that not only French legislators, but French journalists as well, were paid immense sums for "serv-

ices." One charge is to the effect that Wilson, the notorious son-in-law of ex-President Grevy, was concerned in the diversion of some four millions of dollars. Another charge implicates M. Eiffel, the builder of the great exposition tower, with having received twelve millions of dollars for contract work which was never performed. It does not yet appear that M. De Lesseps, the projector of the great enterprise, has profited improperly by his connection with it, but the fact that investments in the enterprise were inspired by his great name and achievements in connection with the Suez Canal necessarily, though unfortunately, connects him with the scandal, and shrouds his last days with eclipse. It may be that he was a victim equally with the great mass of the common people who subscribed to the canal funds, and it is intimated that, in view of the facts in the case, he may not be prosecuted by the government.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE spectacle of the New York Times grooming Mr. Carl Schurz with a view of entering him for the New York Senatorial race has enough humor in it to make even a Quaker meeting hilarious.

THE work of extending the new navy is making satisfactory progress. It is expected that the construction of seven of the new steel vessels will be completed within the next ninety days, and it is not impossible that they will be in commission shortly thereafter. The vessels include the *Bancroft*, a practice vessel for naval cadets; the *Machias* and *Castine*, small gunboats; the *Monterey*, coast-defense monitor; the *Detroit* and *Montgomery*, cruisers; and the *New York*, armored cruiser. The Navy Department has hastened work upon these vessels in order that they may take part in the great international naval review which is to begin in Hampton Roads and end at New York next spring. It is expected that this review will surpass all other naval demonstrations of any kind on record.

A VERY attractive cover begins the Christmas *Judge* for this year, and the contents of the number bear out the promise thus presented to the reader. Typographically the number is unusually attractive, and the illustrations, by all the old and some new *Judge* artists, are remarkably good in idea and execution, and most of them surpassingly funny. There are fifty pages in the number, and certainly, as to both art and humor, they could not easily be improved. The eleven colored cartoons and the black-and-whites will produce many a laugh not only during the season but throughout the year, for the wit and fun of a good picture never die out. Every subscriber gets the Christmas *Judge* without extra charge, and others get it for twenty-five cents if they can get it at all—which may be doubtful, for last year the immense edition then printed was sold to the last number within ten days.

It is stated that at a recent dinner in this city, at which the guests dined on gold plates and handled gold knives and forks, the most doleful views were expressed as to the future of the country. The guests at this dinner, we are told, were Republicans of the mossback sort, who seem to be ordinarily incapable of breadth of vision as to any subject of a partisan character. We do not at all relish the success of the Democracy. We certainly do not believe that it will contribute to the general prosperity. But we have no fear at all that the country will not be able to survive this temporary reversal of the public policy. We are quite certain that no party could ever succeed under the leadership of gentlemen of the class who dined so sumptuously on the occasion referred to, and we are not quite sure that the present reverse might not have been averted if people of that sort had not so long been in command of the Republican forces.

ONE cannot help being amazed at the persistence with which the anti-snappers of New York maintain that they are still "alive and kicking." We are told that their State committee is to be continued, and that it will devote its abnormal energies to protecting Mr. Cleveland from the spoils hunters. When we remember that in the recent canvass these delectable gentlemen were sent to the rear without any sort of ceremony, and that the Tammany organization, which is abhorred of their virtuous souls, had everything its own way, we cannot but admire the courage they now display in deciding to retain their official organization. Meanwhile it is noticeable that Senator Hill is asserting his influence with characteristic vigor, and that the party machinery in this State is being vigorously employed in furtherance of the ambition of his special friends. We suspect that the anti-snappers are destined to have a hard time of it; but then, if they relish the situation, it would be cruel to deny them the privilege of being snubbed and kicked and cuffed to their hearts' content.

ALL accounts agree that President Harrison has accepted the result of the late election in a philosophical spirit, and is already taking an active part in the necessary work

of organizing and strengthening the Republican party for its future conflicts. He wastes no time in idle regrets, but, recognizing the perplexities of the situation and the demands which they impose, is striving in every way possible to promote compactness and unity of purpose in the party. President Harrison has never figured as a spectacular leader of men, but he is a man of great wisdom, of large views, and of prudence in action, and it will be well for the party if it will act upon his counsel and give itself diligently and in a broad spirit to the duty which lies before it. The reverse which it has sustained is a serious one, but there is enough recuperative energy in the party, if rightly directed and utilized, to recover all that has been lost and carry its standard to fresh victories. So far as the President is concerned there is not the slightest danger that any vital feature of the Republican policy will be surrendered.

It is announced that a movement is on foot in this city looking to the purchase of a building which shall be known as the headquarters of the Republican leaders and workers. The *Tribune*, in referring to this movement, says the Republicans "ought to have a recognized headquarters in a suitable building, with an ample number of spacious rooms, which shall be the favored place of gathering and of consultation for the members of the party." There is no objection at all to the establishment of such a headquarters, but we doubt very much whether any practical good would come of it under present conditions. If some of the present managers of Republican politics in the metropolis should be continued in power we suspect that in the event of the establishment of such a headquarters one of their first acts would be to establish private telephonic connection with Tammany Hall, and we may be permitted to doubt whether such a relation would be conducive to Republican success. Yes, the Republicans of New York ought to have a headquarters, but this is not their supreme need. What they need above everything else is upright, capable, unselfish leadership—a leadership in which the conscience of the party and the aspiration of its long ostracized membership shall be imaged and epitomized.

THE closing session of the present Congress will possess more than ordinary interest. Among the subjects of legislation which will probably be disposed of is the Washburn Option bill, which has already passed the House and now awaits the action of the Senate. This bill imposes special taxes on all dealers in "options" and "futures," and requires persons engaged in selling certain products to obtain licenses. This act is stoutly opposed by the Produce Exchange of this city, and by similar bodies in the Western States, on the ground that it would probably put a stop to all trade in grain as well as in cotton on the New Orleans Exchange. At the adjournment of Congress last summer it was believed that the opponents of the bill in the Senate were in the majority, but it is now intimated that the bill may possibly command votes enough to pass it. There is no doubt that its effects would be very serious. Other measures before the Senate are the Free-wool bill and two or three pettifogging tariff-repeal acts passed by the House. It is understood that an effort will be made to secure the passage of these bills, and some Democratic newspapers express the hope that enough Republicans will vote with the Democrats to secure that result. It is not probable, however, that this expectation will be realized.

THE inevitable has happened in the collapse of the great strike at the Carnegie Homestead Steel Works. The failure emphasizes afresh the folly of all undertakings on the part of either labor or capital to reverse the natural laws of trade and production. As will be remembered, the strike grew out of a reduction in wages in departments of the works in which members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers were employed. The reduction affected directly only about three hundred and twenty-five of the three thousand eight hundred men in the works. The mechanics and laborers, having no grievance whatever, made common cause with the strikers and quit work out of sympathy. First and last the strike has involved nearly ten thousand men, and it is said that it has entailed an aggregate loss of more than seven millions of dollars. Of this enormous sum about two million dollars were in wages to the men. The loss of the firm is estimated at double this amount, while the cost to the State of sending troops to Homestead to suppress the disorderly manifestations of the strikers and afford security to property owners is stated at fully half a million dollars. Between thirty-five and forty deaths have been more or less directly caused by the strike. And now, as the end of it all, two or three thousand men who have stood out against all attempts at reconciliation with the employers find themselves, at the beginning of winter, without employment and comparatively destitute. It is impossible, notwithstanding their great mistake, not to feel a genuine pity for these unfortunate men. But it is not improbable that the general disaster to business and the sufferings occasioned to the strikers by the failure of their attempt may have its compensations in arresting the tendency toward these violent methods of adjusting disputes between labor and capital.



THE TELEGRAPH-OPERATORS.



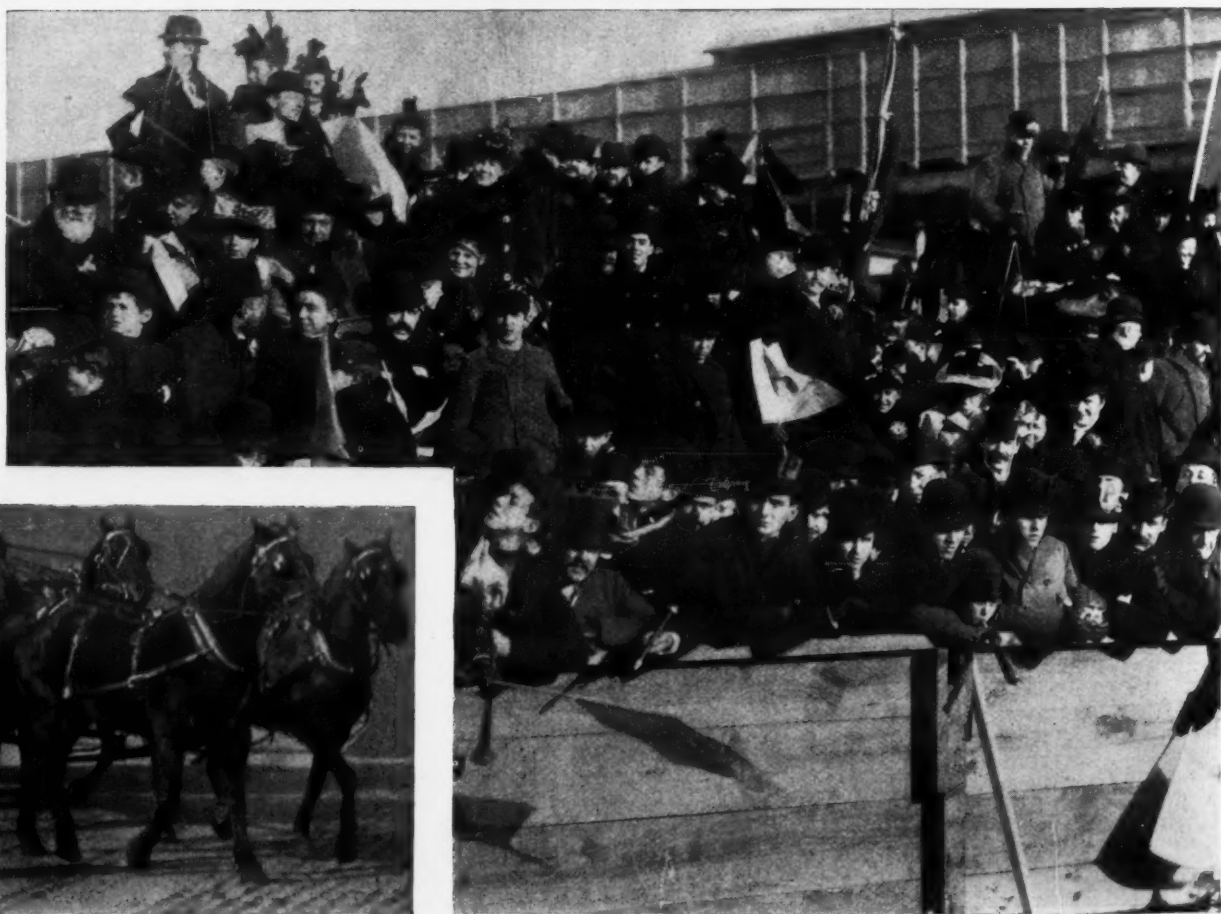
A JAM OF COLLEGE STUDENTS IN FRONT OF THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.



TWO YALE ENTHUSIASTS.



A PRINCETON PARTY EN ROUTE FOR THE GAME.



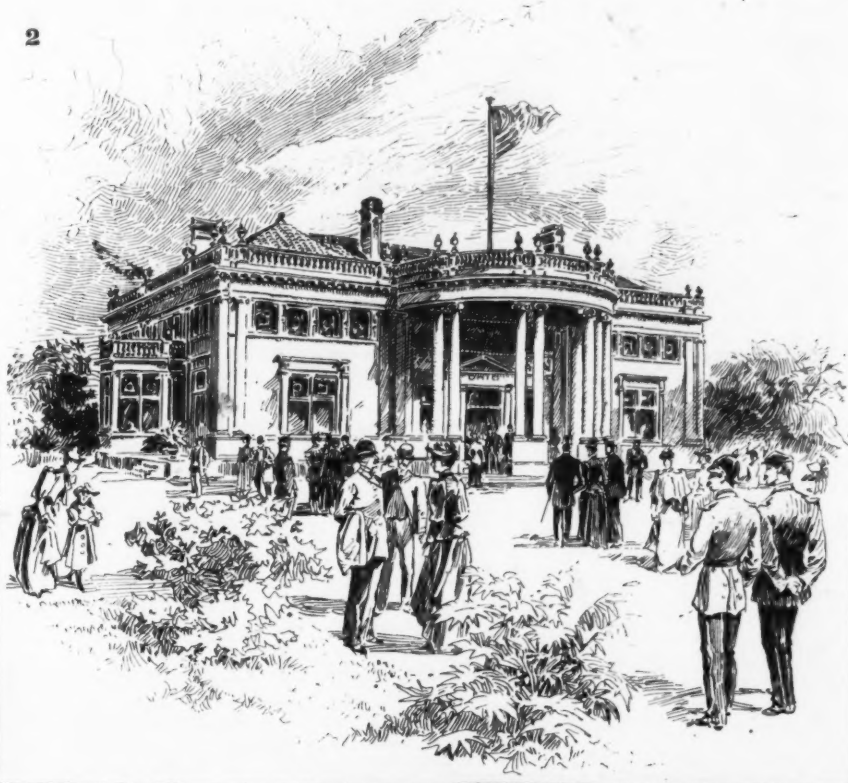
AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

THE YALE-PRINCETON FOOT-BALL GAME—THE COLLEGE BOYS AND THEIR ADHERENTS TAKE POSSESSION OF THE CITY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 420, BY ONE WHO SAW A FOOT-BALL GAME FOR THE FIRST TIME.]

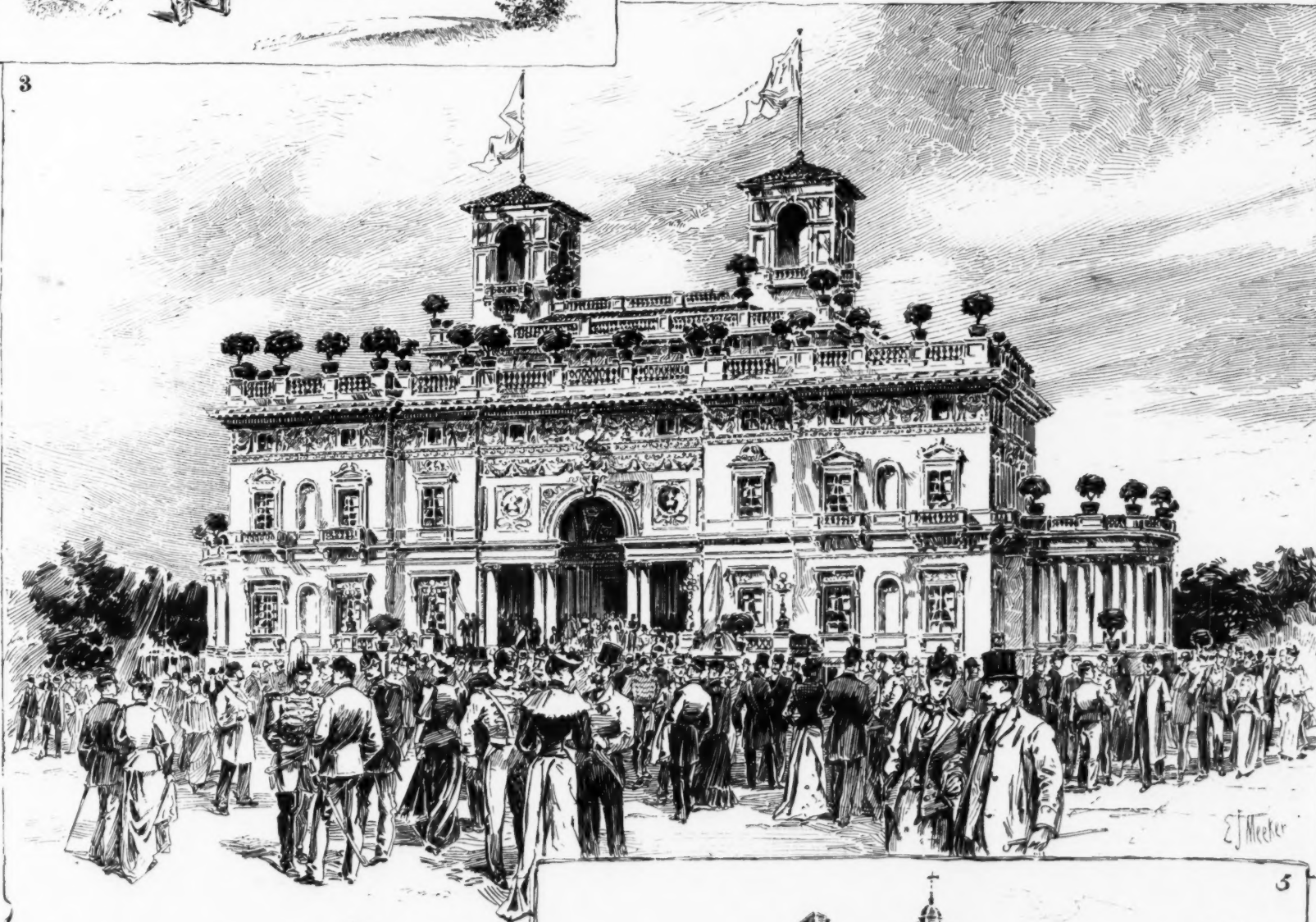
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1. THE PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING. 2. THE OHIO BUILDING. 3. THE NEW YORK BUILDING. 4. THE NEW JERSEY BUILDING. 5. THE MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL STATE BUILDINGS NEARING COMPLETION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 421.]

LOVE AND STRIFE ON SYCAMORE RUN.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

I.
COLONEL TERWILLIGER and Judge Dabney fell out over the shifting of the channel of Sycamore Run, and it was remarked by neighbors that this was the first time a question about water had ever arisen between the two old friends. Sycamore Run, during spring freshets, was a very considerable stream, but in dry summers became practically nothing. Part of its course it meandered through the judge's property; then it constituted the boundary line between his meadows and those of his neighbor, the colonel. In an evil hour Judge Dabney took sudden offense at the twists and curves, horseshoes and ox-bows, it made in going through his land and, taking advantage of it when it was weak, in August, forced it into a new channel, straight as a canal or a ditch, effectually closing all its old avenues of escape. The stream waited patiently until the next spring, when the melting snows gave it strength, and then demonstrated its resentment for the liberties he had taken by cutting out for itself in the low meadow lands, where it only margined the judge's farm, a serpentine channel, quite new, which seemed to put in all the crookedness it had been robbed of farther up its course. But, like most persons who do things in temper, it blundered, and, unmindful of its responsibilities as a boundary, helped the very man it had a spite against. Its new line, wobbly as the writing of a man who has the shaking palsy, cut off a number of acres of Colonel Terwilliger's choice meadow-land and added them on to those of the judge.

Then the colonel declared himself in wrath. A man, he said, must be either a dod-gasted idiot or a consarned rascal to monkey with a water-course as Dabney had done, starting it to cavorting around in that "cussed" fashion. The judge obstinately maintained his right to do as he pleased unto the stream within his own property and, when the quarrel had been well heated by angry words on both sides, affirmed his intention of holding as his own the acres of which he had been adventitiously put in possession. This, unfortunately, was in his power. The two farms had been sold as partitions of a large tract when lines were rather loosely defined, in early days, and Sycamore Run was specified in each deed as a boundary line.

It may be remarked *en passant*, that the colonel was not a real colonel, nor was the judge a real judge, although the latter might have based some claim to the distinction upon his services at the annual county fair as a judge of the trots arranged solely to encourage improvement in live stock. As for the colonel's title, it was simply a complimentary recognition of his size and military style, quite appropriate, too, in a section where even a stranger was addressed as "captain" and the members of the board of supervisors habitually prefixed "Hon." to their names.

A fire, accidentally started in the colonel's woods by a tramp cooking a stolen chicken, swept over into a neck of the judge's forest-land and did much damage before it could be stayed. That still further embittered the feeling between the two men, for the injured Dabney professed to think it had been maliciously started by his enemy when the wind would carry it in the direction it took, as a measure of revenge for the work of the stream. That impression he managed to convey, however, only by innuendo, much to the regret of the colonel, who would gladly have found opportunity for a slander suit against him if he could.

The whole county began taking sides in the quarrel, excepting two persons closely connected with the antagonists by blood, but indifferent as total strangers to their feud. Those two were Josiah Quincy Dabney, the judge's only son, and Elvira Ann, the buxom daughter of the colonel. While Sycamore Run still wandered, unimproved and innocent of harm, at its own crooked will, and the two old men were cronies, as they had been for fifty years, the young folks learned to love each other and engaged to marry—quite with the approval of their elders then. But after the incident of the woods fire, the judge—who had all along chafed against his son's lack of partisan, or as he deemed it "natural," feeling—deemed it high time to bring matters to an issue.

"Si," he said with vehemence, "that dern foolishness between you and Elvira Ann Terwilliger has got to stop."

"That's the way it looks to you, is it, dad?" responded the young man, trying to be non-committal as long as possible.

"Yes. And as it looks to me, so it's got to

be, b'gosh!" retorted the judge, who was angry enough to deem himself a domestic autocrat by divine right.

"Dad," said Josiah, using that familiar form of address not through any lack of filial respect but as a matter of habit, "if it amuses you and the colonel to wrangle and spit and claw, like two cats hung over a clothes-line, I haven't a word to say against it. It's all a matter between you two, which you are old enough to run to your own satisfaction, without any help from Elvira or me. And we don't propose to meddle in it. Our relations are established on a different basis, and we see no reason for shifting to your platform. That has been all settled between us. We are going to marry, so the prospect of our joining in any fight is remote, to say the least."

"If you marry the daughter of that unprincipled incendiary I'll never forgive you."

"I'd marry Elvira if her father was a sheep-thief. He doesn't enter into the question at all. I'm not marrying him. I'd rather have things agreeable with you, but if they can't be, why they can't, and that is all there is about it."

"So you think; but you'll find out differently before I get through. You are of legal age to be as big a fool as you're a mind to; but—I haven't made my will yet; and if you go against me in this matter you'll have harder tussling ahead of you than you've ever had so far."

"No tussling can be had enough to make me sorry for marrying Elvira."

II.

WHEN Colonel Terwilliger spoke to his daughter on that same subject his remarks were so much like those of the judge that one who could have heard both might have imagined they had studied the same model, except that for "unprincipled incendiary" he substituted "conscienceless land-robber." Elvira Ann did not venture such open rebellion as Josiah's, but was no less firm. When the old man commanded, she was silent; when he threatened, she wept; when he grew furious, she had an attack of mild hysterics. Day after day she went about the house, silent, melancholy, red-eyed, looking unutterable reproach at the cruel author of her being and her misery, until the colonel—who with all his pepperiness had a tender heart—was not a little distressed by the change in her. He was already wishing he had said nothing to her about her lover, against whom personally he really had no ill-feeling, when the girl's mother interested herself in the proceedings very effectively.

With wily cunning, Mrs. Terwilliger seized her opportunity when the colonel was practically at her mercy, or at least, when escape would be difficult—the hour sacred to curtain lectures since wedlock was invented.

"Did you see the *Weekly Banner* to-day, Jared?" she asked.

"No," he replied; "I was out in the back field all afternoon, seeing that Mike neither killed the colts nor got killed himself in breaking them to the plow. And after supper I was too tired to even remember it came to-day."

"Then you didn't read about 'Melia Seifert'?"

"Didn't I say I had not seen the paper? Who is Amelia Seifert?"

"Daughter of that drunken loafer Jake, who moved over Borodino way last fall, after his wife died."

"Oh! Well, what has she been doing? Some mischief, no doubt, since she is his daughter."

"The awfulest and last mischief the poor girl could do, Jared; and she'll never do any more. But she was driven to it, God forgive her!"

"Well; why don't you go on with the story? What did she do? Out with it!"

"It is so terrible, Jared. I don't believe I shall close my eyes for thinking of it. You know what a lazy, drunken, shiftless, worthless hound that Jake Seifert was?"

"Humph! I guess I do. Thief, too. It was dollars in my pocket when he moved twenty miles away from Sycamore Run."

"Well, 'Melia' didn't take after him at all. She was like her mother, a real good woman if there ever was one, and that miserable brute broke her heart and drove her into an early grave."

"What! The girl?"

"Both of them; mother and daughter. After her mother's death 'Melia' struggled along as she best could, keeping house for her father, and a masterful hard time she must have had of it by all accounts, in a wretched home, with little to eat and dressed in rags, all because he was too good-for-nothing to provide. But she was a right pretty girl, as no one could help

seeing, for all the miserable way he kept her, and a young man named Sam Pitman, who works in the Borodino saw-mill, fell in love with her and wanted to marry her. And her heart was set on marrying him. But her father, who was bound to keep her for his slave, would not hear of it. No doubt it was his mean nature to hate the young man for being sober and industrious and decent. Any way, he swore she was to stay and do for him as long as he lived, and when she up and declared she would marry Sam and he could live with them if he would behave himself, what did the brute do but give her a terrible beating with a big stick. Poor 'Melia' must have been just crazy with despair, for as soon as her villain of a father left her alone she did that awful thing. She went out to the side of the railroad, which runs through the thick woods near the shanty she lived in, and there she stood behind a tree, waiting for the lightning-express train to come along. When it came and got so near that the engineer could not stop, or even check it, she sprang out to the middle of the track and stood there, with her arms folded, facing the locomotive, looking straight at it, with her eyes open. And the next instant she was torn and ground to fragments under the wheels."

"My God!" ejaculated the horrified colonel. "What fearful nerve she must have had to stand still and look at a locomotive coming straight at her!"

"Oh, Jared! It was not nerve; it was despair. She was just mad to die; to escape from a life that was too horrible to live. You can't tell what a girl may be worked up to if she is crossed in love. It just seems to make her crazy sometimes, and she is no more responsible for what she does—and it's sure to be something terrible—than any poor creature in an asylum."

"What would I do if Elvira Ann should take on that way?—which she looks as if she might!" thought the colonel; and the reflection set him fairly shivering with apprehension. His politic wife, who knew him better even than he knew himself, had a very good idea of what anxious cogitation kept him silent, and prudently refrained from weakening her case by wordy application of the lesson of poor Amelia Seifert's fate.

After that it was quite observable that Colonel Terwilliger had no word to say in disparagement of Elvira's lover, or disapproval of her hopes. Indeed, he made efforts, on two or three occasions, when the spirit moved him to oblige Judge Dabney, to assure the girl that his remarks in no degree reflected upon Josiah, of whom he had "a surprisingly good opinion, considering whose son he was. And Mrs. Terwilliger, secretly chuckling over the success of her stratagem, told Elvira she "did not believe the colonel would make much fuss about it if she were to run off with Josiah and get married, particularly if it would spite the old judge real badly."

III.

"DAD," said Josiah to his father one morning, "I'm going to marry Elvira to-day. If you'd come off your perch and take it good-naturedly it would be a heap of satisfaction to me; but if that don't seem fittin' to you the wheels will go 'round all the same."

The judge was silent for a few moments, for the same reason the man had who said nothing when his wagon-load of apples rolled down hill. He could not do justice to the subject. After a brief pause he responded, with savagely calm self-control:

"Where do you think you'll sleep to-night?"

"That depends a good deal on you, dad."

"You haven't thought of seeking shelter with that alluring character you've selected for a father-in-law, have you?"

"No. I understand his opposition to our marriage is quite as pronounced as yours."

Judge Dabney's perverse mind toyed for a few moments with the tempting notion of furthering the match just to spite the colonel. If the young folks had had average lovers' cunning, and from the beginning of the trouble worked both stern fathers along that line, they would probably have married with a full outfit of paternal blessings and a good material start in life. But it was now too late to think of that, especially in the case of the judge, who took pride in being obstinate.

"He's opposed, eh? Well, I'm seeking no alliance with him any more than he is with me, and no daughter of his shall ever enter this house. That's flat."

"All right. Your roof don't cover more'n forty feet square of the earth, anyhow."

"How are you going to earn a living?"

"As I have here since boyhood—by hard work. I have an offer to take the old Hether-

ington place, which stands empty, and crop it on shares."

"Humph! Well, the roan gelding and the chestnut mare are yours, and your mother gave you the Jersey heifer. Those critters and your personal belongings, clothes and sich, are all you'll ever get from the Dabney estate, and I want them all off my property by eleven o'clock, three hours from now. Leave nothing as an excuse for coming back. When the bars go up behind you they be to stay. Now go and hustle yourself to the devil as fast as you like."

"My nose isn't pointed in that direction; just the opposite."

The judge glared, but was silent. He had said his say, and more words, he felt, would compromise the dignity of his position.

At about the same hour in which Josiah and his father were settling their future relations, the other half of the matrimonial conspiracy was working itself out on rather happier lines, over at the colonel's. The hired man, Mike, in obedience to Mrs. Terwilliger's orders, had brought around to the front porch the buggy and the mare she was accustomed to drive, when the colonel came up from the barn just as Elvira was stepping into the vehicle.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Where are you going, Elvira?"

"I'm sending her to town," quickly replied his wife.

"Oh! Well, that's good. It will save my going in. I wish you'd stop at Brigham's and get eight pounds of ten-penny nails, and fetch from Stokes's the set of harness I left to be repaired, and—er—"

He was thinking up some more errands he wanted attended to when he saw a twinkle in his wife's eyes and a heightened color in his daughter's cheeks, and a suspicion of the truth suddenly flashed upon him. An instant, only one, his resentment against his neighbor tempted him to angry assertion of his parental authority, but then he recalled poor 'Melia Seifert's fate, and seemed to swallow the harsh words that sprang to his lips. "On second thoughts, I guess you needn't bother; the harness and nails can wait," he stammered, confusedly, and turned away to the house.

Elvira and her mother exchanged smiles of mutual understanding, and the girl drove away.

Long in advance of Josiah's coming she reached the point in the road where, according to their agreement, he was to meet her, and when at length he did put in an appearance, the fashion of his coming amazed her. Not like an intending bridegroom did he seem, but rather as one escaping from a flood or a fire, or coming from a vendue. He rode the roan horse, bareback, balancing before him a huge bundle roped in a blanket, upon which were tied a gun, a long-jointed fishing-rod, and a great pair of wading boots. Behind him he towed by a halter the chestnut mare, laden with a large trunk, and before him he drove the heifer. His setter dog capered nimbly about him, and at sight of his future mistress set up a vigorous barking of joyous recognition.

"In the name of the Wandering Jew, Josiah, what do you mean by coming like that?" she cried to him.

"Why," he replied, with affected seriousness, "isn't there a line in the marriage service—'with my worldly goods I thee endow'—and how could I make it good, when it comes to that, if I were not fixed for the occasion?"

"Oh, you big goose! You've no idea how perfectly ridiculous you look. Why did you do it?"

"On my amiable father's invitation. When I mentioned our little programme to him he told me to take my personal belongings and clear out. So I did."

"You poor, dear boy! What trouble I am bringing on you, setting your father against you so bitterly."

"Do not flatter yourself, my love, that you 'set' my father. He sets himself, and hatches out trouble. But you, dear, bring me only happiness."

"I hope so. But, oh, 'Si! I'm so sorry we've got to put it off. It's such bad luck."

"Put what off?"

"Our getting married."

"Not if this court knows itself."

"And take all that outfit along. People would never stop laughing at us."

"Just let me engineer this business and it will come out straight, in a perfectly soul-satisfying way. I've got it all planned. We jog along, just as we are, as far as the Widow McBride's. Her boy Jimmy will take the critters over to the Hetherington place, which I have taken. She will go along and, as well as she can, make the house ready to receive us. We go on to town in the buggy, get married, buy what we need for housekeeping and some farm implements I've got to have, and by the middle of the afternoon we will be in our own home

settled. Jimmy can take the buggy back to your father's. The widow will stay until you have the house fixed up for a fair start, and to-morrow morning I begin plowing for winter wheat."

"Oh! But, Josiah, that's awful sudden. I told mother I'd be home to-night and she will be expecting me. I did not think we could go to housekeeping for a week yet."

"Then our happiness will begin just one week sooner than you calculated on."

"You go right along, planning and settling everything your own way and never once telling me you love me, all this while."

"Why, bless your dear little heart, sweetness! ain't I proving it to you the solidest and best way a fellow can?"

IV.

"It was more fun than any bridal tour," Elvira declared, "to go about with Josiah buying things for housekeeping." And never before had she believed a man could be so observing and mindful of the many small requisites which do so much to lighten the housewife's labors and cares.

Before nightfall, as he had promised, they were settled in their own home, and a fair start made on that extra week of happiness captured from fate by energy and necessity. The next morning Josiah, with his new plow, turned the first furrow on his own account, and, as he affirmed, "felt more like a man than he ever had before." Just at first the young wife complained that it made her "feel sort of creepy to be all alone in that big house, with all the upstairs rooms so empty that a cricket-chirp in them sounded like a trumpet," and at her request Josiah began his plowing in the nearest field, where she could run out to him, from time to time, for a consultation about some momentous nothing, and, of course, a kiss. Gradually he worked his way farther afield, and she, accustomed to her new conditions, filled the lonely old house, all day long, with the melody of her voice, singing like a happy bird.

Mrs. Terwilliger was right in believing her husband's pardon would not be hard to win. The first time Elvira ventured over to her old home after her elopement the colonel took her in his arms as fondly as if she had never denied his authority. And when he saw, upon visiting her, how Josiah had exerted himself to make her surroundings comfortable and cheery, and how bravely the young fellow was struggling to "hoe his own row," the old colonel took his son-in-law into high favor, and cordially offered him any aid he might require. But Josiah was modest, and having already, as he opined, the best the colonel possessed, did not want from him any more. All in all, Colonel Terwilliger found himself quite happy in graceful acceptance of the enforced extension of his family ties.

Judge Dabney, however, was of sterner stuff, and would not unbend his repellent attitude; but it is only fair to admit that nobody asked him to. His son seemed to have accepted the situation as final, and made no overtures toward a reconciliation, for which the old man, as he said to himself, "didn't care a cuss." But the judge had said many truer things than that. The fact was that his thoughts were on the boy much oftener than he would have cared to confess. Somehow—possibly through Mrs. McBride's Jimmy, for whom he found pretty regular work—he knew all that went on at the old Petherington place, and, among the rest, of Colonel Terwilliger's visits, which at once stirred his bile and pleased him. He could not but feel a certain gratitude to his former friend for taking an interest in the welfare of his boy, and yet it seemed to him as if his place were taken and he "left out in the cold," rather more than if the colonel, too, had kept away from the young couple. So far as concerned the breach between the old friends, the situation remained unchanged all winter.

But when spring came Sycamore Run again mixed itself up in their affairs. Whether it had learned, from the copious and vehement dialogues across it, something of its status and powers as a boundary; comprehended its former benefaction to its injurer; recognized its uncalled for wrong to the colonel, or was simply actuated by innate eccentric perversity, none can know; but when the freshets made it strong it carved out for itself quite a new course through the loamy lowlands. And this time it gave back to the colonel all before taken from him, and a pretty piece of good meadow in addition, as if to make up good measure.

Colonel Terwilliger was, of course, delighted, and Judge Dabney secretly much relieved at finding himself no longer compelled by personal pride to retain property he did not need, did not want, and know he had no moral right to—for the old fellow, with all his faults, was

"square." So, the *casus belli* being removed, the two neighbors no longer exchanged revilings or taxed their invention for application to each other of names "common and unclean." But, though the angel of peace once more roosted in the neighborhood, she of amity still flew high and far off.

Thus matters stood until one glorious day in "golden October," when Judge Dabney started from home for town by a road that would take him past where Josiah lived,—the one he seemed oftener to prefer now, though it was not a whit better than the other and longer. In the middle of the crossing of Sycamore Run his horse stopped and put his nose down into the water to drink. At that moment Colonel Terwilliger rode into the stream, coming from the direction of his son-in-law's, and his horse, too, stopped to drink. The two old men, thus brought face to face, looked at each other, and in the eyes of neither was there any of the angry light they were wont to flash. In the judge's face was a distinct expression of anxiety, and in the colonel's one of delight.

"Judge," said the colonel, "it's a boy," and he offered his hand.

"Colonel," said the judge, heartily grasping and shaking the proffered member, "I'm glad to hear it. By-gosh! And for his sake let's leave bygones—"

"Be bygones forever."

THE JEALOUS MUSES.

He was a man beloved of all the Nine.

He painted, wrote, in music he excelled;
The whole world praised his every written line;
His canvases its plaudits, too, compelled.

Yet spite of all he failed to reach the goal
Of genius true in any single sphere;
A fact which greatly tried his striving soul
And left his heart a prey to fancies drear.

Then he implored the Muses fair to tell
The reason for his failure, and the jades
Took counsel with each other for a spell,
And then replied, like simple mortal maids:

We Muses are a jealous band, good sir,
While each would gladly take the wifely part,
Until you choose that one we cannot stir—
We can't permit polygamy in art.

Wed any one of us you please. But one,
And only one, must be your chosen spouse.
The laws of matrimony cannot be undone,
And nine are more than any law allows."

Whereon he chose one from that blessed band,
Came unto her alone through all the years;
And that is why his name on every hand
Among the names immortal now appears.

HENRY HERBERT HARKNESS.

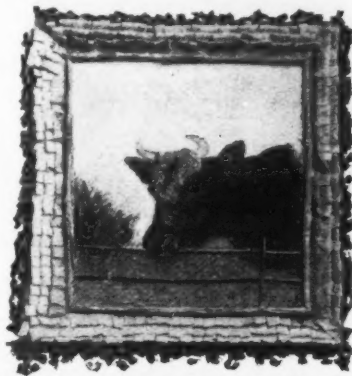
SOUTH DAKOTA'S CORN EXPOSITION.

The people of South Dakota, to celebrate their appreciation of the great yields of corn and wheat which have taken place in their State this year, have recently closed a grand harvest festival. This enterprise was conducted by the citizens of Mitchell in a corn palace, which for beauty and magnificence has scarcely been excelled by any building of a temporary nature. The varied geometrical figures constructed out of the various colored kinds of corn, just as it came from the field, the designs and figures constructed from the products of the field, the architectural features of the building, all combined to make a pleasing picture, beautiful in the extreme, and showed to the world that



FEMALE FIGURE AND BIRD MADE OF PRODUCTS OF THE FIELD.

South Dakota is one of the great corn-producing regions of the country; and further, that in enterprise her citizens are second to none. The building and decorations represented an outlay of over twenty thousand dollars, the whole cost



COW'S HEAD MADE OF CORN HUSKS AND CORN SILK.

of which was assumed by the people of Mitchell. The success of the affair was unprecedented, as it brought crowds from all the Northwestern States. On several days of the exposition large numbers of people were unable to gain admission to the palace.

The affair is more specifically known as the Corn-Belt Exposition. What is known as the "corn belt" of the State is the twenty-two counties in the southeastern part of the State,



HEAD MADE ENTIRELY OF CORN HUSKS AND CORN SILK.

where the yield of corn is always known as being both large and excellent in quality. This region is also the oldest settled part of the State, and is settled with practical farmers from the other Western and Northwestern States.

Ten years ago there was but a very little of this magnificent State developed, as is shown by a comparison of the assessed valuation in 1882 and 1892. In 1882 the assessed valuation of the State was \$47,701,000, and this year it is \$137,873,761; an increase of three hundred per cent.

The interior decorations of the Corn Palace were wonderful in their beauty, and exemplified by their artistic nature that South Dakota ladies are decidedly far from being uncouth. In these decorations nothing artificial was used, but the products of the field and prairies were solely employed to make the beautiful pictures, booths, furniture, and other beautiful works with which the building was filled.

The first story of the building was devoted to the exhibits of the counties, which exhibited in larger numbers than ever before were brought together at any one time. Eastern visitors were surprised at the large and varied class of products shown.

The exposition was a happy idea, was carried out to a most successful end, and was a splendid means of demonstrating the prosperity of the South Dakota farmer. W. J. H.

A BRITISH HEROINE AMONG SIBERIAN LEPEERS.

We give elsewhere a picture of Miss Kate Marsden, the heroic young Englishwoman who has devoted her life to the work of ameliorating the sad condition of the lepers of Siberia. Miss Marsden first conceived the idea of entering upon this work in 1889, and after receiving letters accrediting her to the Russian Czarina, proceeded to St. Petersburg, where she was most graciously received, the Empress giving her an open letter which cleared the way for her in the journey she proposed to make to the leper settlement in Siberia. She was also assisted by the secular head of the Greek Church. She left St. Petersburg for Siberia with one helper and friend, who accompanied her as far as Omsk, traveling in sledges and carts. After that she continued alone, save for the company of interpreters who could speak a little French, and who were placed at her disposal by each Governor of the provinces she passed through. At Yakootsk she supplied herself with provisions and clothing for the lepers, and continued thence with an escort of thirty men and an interpreter. The journey was most perilous and full of discomfort. Although unused to riding she rode unbroken horses for a distance of two thousand miles, and upon reaching her destination her knees were raw, while her ankle bones were thrust through the skin. At the leper settlement she was received with the utmost joy. She describes her experiences as follows in the *Illustrated London News*, from which we take our picture: "I shall never forget the first

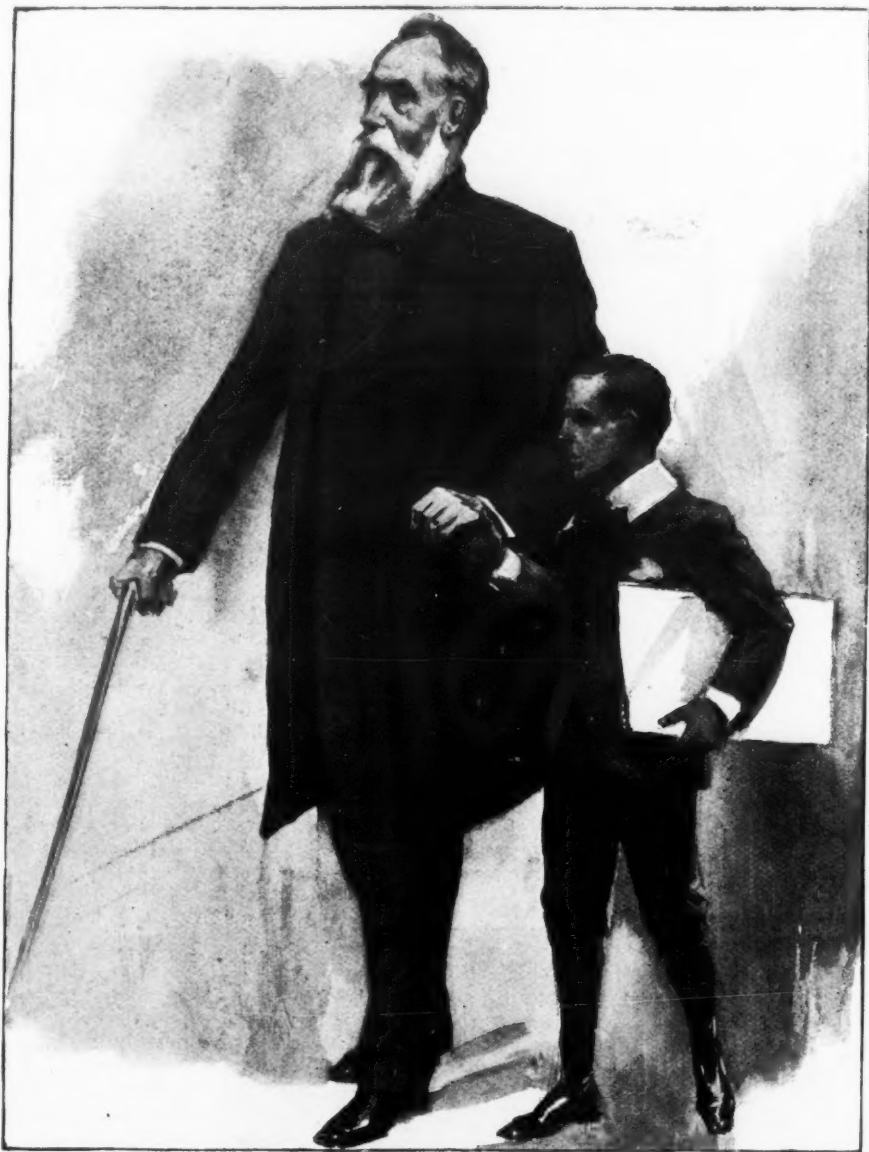
leper I saw in Verkhik; he did not look like a human being, but like an animal, and when he saw us, ran away in terror. These lepers are taught to consider themselves devils, and to think that no Christian will ever come near them. I was actually accompanied into the first settlement I came to by a certain Andonovitch, a Roman Catholic chief of police, who has absolute authority over the whole district—that is to say, seventy thousand souls. I cannot tell you what a deep impression the conduct of this noble man's kindness made upon me. When we went into the yourtas, or small huts in which the lepers live, he spoke kindly to every one, and even touched them—the greatest act of kindness you can do a leper. When he and I put out our hands to them tears ran down their cheeks from pure gratitude at being treated like human beings; for, once they are banished to

these settlements they are literally cut off from their kind. The food brought them from time to time consists entirely of rotten fish, the bark of trees, and chunks of frozen meat. It is placed at a safe distance from the settlement, and the lepers are not supposed to show themselves till the people who have brought it have retired; then they may come out of their yourtas, and furtively fetch the food, which is to last them for six weeks or two months.

"It is impossible for me to describe the condition in which I found these poor people. In one yourta there were sixteen men and three women, all living together. Yourtas are roughly-built wooden rooms with damp earth for flooring. What light there is admitted through a pane of ice four inches thick, which blocks up the window during the nine months of winter. To say that the people were grateful for what was done for them gives no idea of the intense feeling of awe and gratitude our presence excited. They could hardly believe that anybody cared to trouble themselves with such as they, and I think they at first took us to be the inhabitants of a higher world sent for a spell upon the earth to comfort and help them."

Speaking as to her future plans, Miss Marsden says: "I propose to found a leper settlement consisting of nineteen huts, each of which will be surrounded by a little garden. Each of the yourtas will cost £300, and my idea is to call each yourta after the benefactor who has provided the necessary sum. The two hospitals will each cost £1,000. It is with a view to raising this money that I am going to lecture in America, and the whole of the proceeds of my book will be devoted to the cause."

Queen Victoria, as a mark of her esteem and approbation, has sent Miss Marsden a gold brooch, composed of a figure of the angel of Victory holding the world (represented by a white pearl) with his foot.



THE BLIND CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE LED TO HIS PLACE BY A PAGE.



CAPTAIN BASSETT, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE SENATE.



TYPES SEEN IN THE LOBBY.



TAMMANY TAKES A RECESS.

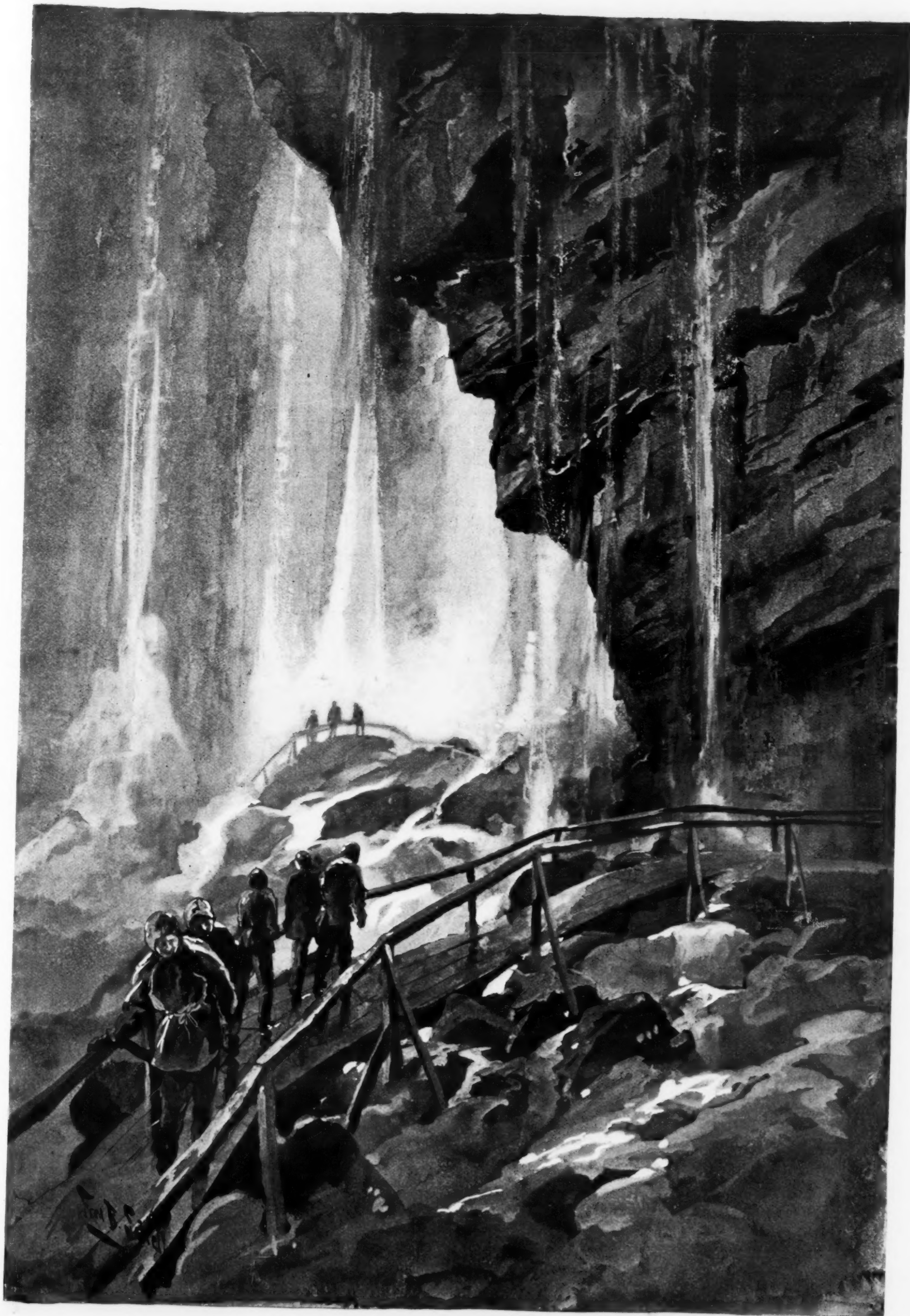


THE SPEAKER AND MR. HOLMAN ON THE SUPREME QUESTION OF RETRENCHMENT.



HON. JOSEPH W. BAILEY, OF TEXAS, ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

THE OPENING OF CONGRESS—CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE GEORGE G. BAIN'S ARTICLE ON PAGE 420.]



NIAGARA FALLS—A BRIDAL PARTY IN THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.—DRAWN BY FRED. B. SCHELL.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

THE assembling of Congress is always an interesting event. When a new Congress is convened there is the gathering together of old and tried law-makers with those who are inexperienced. There are introductions of men from Maine to men from California; the meeting of the thin-tongued Yankee and the full-throated Southerner. There is the reunion of those who have fought for years across the middle aisle of the House of Representatives and of the comrades-in-arms who have gone through many a bitter conflict shoulder to shoulder. The man from the back settlement, for whom Congress has existed only in imagination, meets the heroes of contemporaneous history, and finds many of them very common clay. Some mourn the absent, some welcome half-forgotten friends of twenty years before. There is a touch of pathos in the gathering, and a taste of humor.

The meeting of Congress in its second session, when the smoke of the election fight has just begun to clear away, is no less interesting. It is as pathetic to some as humorous to others. There are four varieties to be distinguished then among the members of the House. There is the man who fought for re-election and was beaten. Perhaps this Congress was his kindergarten. He had held his talents in modest reserve and promised himself a brilliant career in years to come. His schooling is for naught. He must go back to his people at the end of this short session and await the chances of another contest. Then there is the man who sought a renomination at the hands of his party in the summer and was disappointed. He has had the satisfaction of seeing the man who beat him in convention discarded at the polls, or the chagrin of assisting in the triumph of his enemy. His point of view depends very largely on the developments of the election. Then there is the man who sought both renomination and re-election successfully, and to him the world is as bright as a May morning. And finally there is the philosopher who declined to come back to Congress for another term, and his view of the political situation is broad and liberal. He can afford to patronize his enemies and to condole with or congratulate his friends.

The assembly takes its coloring from the results of the recent campaign, and the coloring is distributed in blotches all over the House. There is no uniformity of tint or shade. Individual disappointments shadow party success, and individual triumphs brighten party failure. But good humor dominates all. The man who has been beaten must prepare to take the chaffing of his political opponents in good part, and the man who belongs to the defeated party must put up with a great deal of good-humored bantering and not lose his temper.

In the Senate there are so few individual disappointments or triumphs to consider that party success and the political complexion of the next Congress are the chief topics of discussion. There are condolences for the disappointed, and the courtesies of the Senate-chamber require that they should take a dignified and impressive form. There are congratulations for the successful, and the amenities of the Senate demand that they should be effusive and prolonged. But the graver consideration of party supremacy is the subject of much quiet conference. There is a little bantering, but it is elephantine in its heaviness.

The figures of chief interest on the Senate floor are the leaders in the campaign. Not all of them are present, but the attention of the crowded galleries is centred on those who are, and a hundred fingers point at them as they move about. The galleries have been filled from an early hour. In the private galleries to left and right are smartly-dressed women and men. They hold tickets issued by Senators, and they take an evident pride in their exclusiveness. There are bridal couples here and in the other galleries; for Washington is a Mecca for these honeymoon tourists more revered even than Niagara. There are many interesting figures on the floor to be pointed out to strangers. There is the venerable Captain Bassett, chief of the pages, guardian of the traditions of the Senate, contemporary with Daniel Webster, proud of the distinction conferred upon him by the mention of his name in the annual appropriations bill. His silvery hair hangs in a symmetrical curve over his neck, no lock ever astray. It will be his duty presently to spread his compass legs in the main aisle, duck his head at the presiding officer and announce in a hoarse voice: "A message from the President of the United States." There is the athletic sergeant-at-arms, E. K. Valentine, long a member of the House of Representatives from Nebraska. He is the police officer of the assemblage, and it may be his unpleasant task before the session closes to remove a turbulent mem-

ber of the Senate, as his predecessor did poor Riddleberger. There is the handsome secretary, Anson G. McCook, who carries his military record into the government of his clerks, and who has made his working force a model of efficiency and discipline. There is Chief Clerk Johnson, chief secretary of the Minneapolis convention. There is Journal Clerk Spencer, veteran in the service and expert in parliamentary law, and his associate, Bowyer McDonald, no less capable, representative of the third generation of a family which has been in the service of the Senate now for nearly a century. And on the floor there are many faces and figures made famous in the pages of FRANK LESLIE'S or *Judge*; representatives of names indissolubly bound up with the history of the nation.

There is only one place above which is not fully filled, and that is the Diplomatic Gallery. A few representatives of the foreign legations are present, but only a few. Directly opposite, in the terraced gallery that overhangs the chair of the Vice-President, sit the special correspondents of the great daily newspapers of the country. In front of the clerk's desk, in the narrow arena around which the Senators' seats are grouped, the reporters of the press associations are grinding out copy. They find it hard to make the description of the scene interesting, for it is the same scene that they have described at yearly intervals for almost a generation.

There is a scurrying of pages to clear the floor of strangers as the hour of noon approaches. At one minute before twelve o'clock the Vice-President enters. There is no trace of disappointment on his pleasant face. He has had no personal interest in the contest just concluded. Either Republican or Democratic supremacy had nothing in store for him. As he takes his place beside his desk facing the Senate, his fingers close about the little ivory gavel that has done duty in the Senate-chamber for so many years. Rap-rap-rap—measured and slow. The Senate is in order. Conversation pauses in the gallery and on the floor. Dignified Senators rise and stand in their places with heads reverently bowed while the chaplain from the Vice-President's desk invokes a blessing on the deliberations of Congress. Rap rap-rap—dignified and gentle. The prayer is finished; the Vice-President is in his place; the Senate is ready for business.

In the House of Representatives the scene has been more animated. Here, too, the galleries have been crowded for hours, and long lines of people have waited in the upper hallways vainly hoping that some opening would be made for them. There have been many greetings on the floor between those who parted three months ago, congratulations for the successful and condolences for the disappointed. The doors have been left unguarded and crowds have pushed their way through the entrances to the hall and have filled the aisles. They stand staring in open-mouthed curiosity at the galleries, at the speaker's desk, and at the pictures which adorn the walls. Sharp-eyed guides point out the features of interest and explain them in singsong tones. Occasionally, as a noted figure brushes past, going up or down the aisle, there is a whispered "There's Tom Reed," or "I believe that's Jerry Simpson," and heads are turned and eyes follow the statesman to his desk. There is a busy hum of conversation in the galleries and on the floor. Members are calling across the House to each other, laughing aloud in hearty appreciation of some witicism, or slamming their desk tops, clapping their hands for pages, making all the noise that is possible, regardless of the dignity of the House of Representatives. Some of them are smoking on the couches in the rear. Through the doorway of the cloak-room one catches a glimpse of a member who has not had time to complete his toilet at home, sitting in the barber's chair, his face white with lather, getting his morning shave. At half-past eleven o'clock one of the deputies of the sergeant-at-arms calls out from the clerk's desk, through the din, that the floor of the House must be cleared. He might as well talk to the wind. His voice is lost in the general uproar. But his announcement is the signal for other deputies to go about the floor warning strangers that the time of the meeting of the House approaches, and that they must leave the hall. Slowly the crowd thins out and the chatter diminishes. Members who have been visiting across the aisle return to their desks. Belated members come in from the cloak-rooms and seek their accustomed places. Still the buzz of conversation in the galleries continues. At five minutes before noon the sergeant-at-arms enters, bringing the familiar mace, with which he is supposed to overawe the turbulent in debate. The crowd in the gallery begins to watch and listen more attentively. Two minutes to twelve—the blind chaplain enters, led by one of the pages, and walks with

firm tread to his familiar place at the clerk's desk. One minute to twelve—the east door of the lobby opens and the speaker enters. His coming is the signal for conversation to cease. All eyes from the gallery and floor are fixed upon him as he mounts to his desk and takes the well-worn gavel in his hand. The sergeant-at-arms stands beside the pedestal on which the mace is to rest, ready to place it in position when the gavel falls. Twelve o'clock—the speaker stands behind his desk and brings the gavel down in a sonorous rap which is heard in every corner of the great hall. "The House will be in order, and the chaplain will offer prayer." The chaplain rises. The galleries are hushed and on the floor no sound is heard. The deep, full voice of the chaplain invokes a benediction. Most of the members are standing. Some sit with bowed heads. Some are still smoking in the cloak-rooms, and some are reading at their desks. RAP! Again the gavel falls on the cloth-covered desk. The buzz of conversation in the galleries and on the floor springs up anew at the signal. The prayer is finished. The House is ready for the business of the session. GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

MISS MOSBY.

MISS STELLA MILLICENT MOSBY, who enjoyed the distinction of breaking the baptismal bottle over the prow of the magnificent new United States steel cruiser *Cincinnati* is a charming young woman. She is the eldest daughter of his honor, J. G. Mosby, Mayor of the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, and a clever girl, cultured and musical, as becomes a favorite daughter of the Queen City.

She is also a handsome girl, very fair, with masses of golden hair curling about her white brow, and her complexion is the envy and despair of her girl friends—the true rose and lily

A FIRST GLIMPSE AT FOOT-BALL.

UNTIL the Thanksgiving day just passed I had resisted all temptations to see a game of modern foot-ball. I had, of course, seen foot-ball as it was played when I was a boy, when it was really foot-ball, and the best kicker was the highest exponent of the game; but I had never seen the game as it has been made by Walter Camp and his associates and contemporaries. And having seen the great game between Yale and Princeton on Manhattan Field, I am not sure that I know much more than I did before.

Before seeing this game I was densely ignorant, for I had only read the accounts in the papers, written by experts for those entirely familiar with the game. All that these experts say is perfectly intelligible, no doubt, to those who play and thoroughly understand the game, but it was meaningless to me. The more I read the less I understood. And when I mentioned this at the club and other places of resort to men of my own day—men who went away from college yard and university campus twelve or fifteen years ago—I found that they knew as little of the game and understood as little of what was written about it as I did. It has always been a theory of mine that no one could so envelop a sport, a science, an art, or indeed anything, in impenetrable darkness as an expert on the particular subject treated. Foot-ball experts may further illustrate this theory, I thought. And now, after my first glimpse of the great game, I am satisfied that your expert foot-ball reporter writes more and says less than any other man who spoils good and valuable newspaper space.

The fall of the year is selected for foot-ball, I fancy, for two reasons. The season for other out-of-door games has passed, and in warmer weather the rough work done on the foot-ball



MISS STELLA MILLICENT MOSBY, WHO CHRISTENED THE CRUISER "CINCINNATI."

of the poet, the strawberries smothered in cream of the minstrel. She is rather below the medium height, with a dainty but well-rounded figure.

The Mosbys come of Virginia stock. An uncle of Miss Mosby was John Frederick Gordon, late lieutenant-commander in the navy. It is an odd coincidence that Mayor Mosby should have been named for this sailor kinsman, and a generation later his pretty daughter should have been selected to give the signal to set afloat one of the handsomest ships in the navy and give it the name of her native city. The Mosby residence in Walnut Hills, a fashionable suburb of Cincinnati, is a beautiful one, built a year or two ago, and embodying all the latest ideas in decoration and appointment. Of this home the young sponsor of the cruiser *Cincinnati* is the bright particular star.

field would be too hot. A game must be very interesting in itself, therefore, that will take from twenty-five to fifty thousand luxury-loving New-Yorkers away from their comfortable homes on a cold and blustering day to sit in an open and dirty stand for from four to five hours. This great crowd is what strikes a person first when a foot-ball field is visited. It is an ordinary crowd in no regard whatever. It is extraordinary in its size and most extraordinary in its personnel. Nowhere else in America or in Europe have I seen congregated at one place such a large crowd of well-appearing people. It was not that it was made up of fashionable people. That could not be. The men and women of high fashion—Mr. MacAllister's four hundred—would have been lost in that assemblage beyond the hope of recovery. The people were better than fashionable—they were intelligent, even

intellectual looking, and they represented the alert and active force of society—those who know things and do things. And all this vast assemblage of people seemed warmed by an enthusiasm that kept the brisk wind from being too chill. In front of me stood an old gentleman who cheerfully hopped up and down to keep his feet warm. I don't think he knew much about the game, though he tried to talk with a mighty wisdom because he had a son in the Princeton team. "I tell you," said he, in explanation of the presence of the great crowd, "this is the only thing in this country that money won't buy. No, sir; money can't buy this game, and money can't influence a single man or either team. That's it, sir; that's it." And probably the old gentleman was right. At a time when nearly all forms of sport are under suspicion, and even when the amateur athletic clubs force professionals on their teams and contribute to the debasement of the sports that they should protect, it is most pleasant to know that there is one form of sport above and beyond all chance of crookedness. "The millionaires," continued the old gentleman, "can sometimes buy the judges in the courts, but they can't buy these young fellows; no, sir-ree!" and he laughed and hopped joyfully up and down.

While genuine amateur sport is most admirable, I cannot say nearly so much for amateur management of great crowds. If arrangements could have been worse than those for seating the people at the foot-ball game I have never been unlucky enough to see them. Each ticket-holder found his seat for himself or did not find it, as the case might be. And then, when seats were found no one could sit down and see anything. Within the field, which is surrounded by an immense grand-stand, was more room than was needed for the game. This was used for spectators to stand in. These spectators made a solid wall just against the ropes, and those in what ought to have been the best positions in the grand-stand could see nothing, or next to nothing, of the play. This is one reason why I still know so little of the great game, and why I call this little piece "A First Glimpse at Foot-ball." It was only a glimpse, and that it was not more I am indebted, I am told, to the University Athletic Club, which had charge of the arrangements. They may do better another time; they certainly cannot do worse. A week before there had been a game between Yale and Harvard at Springfield. I was told by a friend and neighbor in the Manhattan Field grand-stand that the arrangements at Springfield had been infinitely superior, though the crowd was almost as large.

Now, as to the play. The little that I could see of it impressed me in several ways. And each of these ways, save one, is calculated to do youths who play the game quite as much good as the study of Greek roots. The game is a battle, just as life is, and he who goes through it with credit has to give and take hard knocks, but always keep his wits and his temper. Without perfect physical training no man has any show in the game. The benefit of such training is nowadays conceded by all and need not be dwelt upon. The other faculties brought into play are those not so fully developed by other field games. Foot-ball is essentially a game of a combination of strength, skill, and strategy. To be strong, to be fleet of foot, are both necessary, but the ability to deceive and to outwit your antagonists is always quite as much as the other two. Brute force against adversaries very much inferior in strength would probably always win and win quickly. But wit seems to be the most valuable quality a team can have. I have said that in one particular the game was not entirely admirable. It is a rough game, and young fellows are sometimes badly hurt. This is a pity, to be sure, but even this feature of the game is not entirely bad. To bear pain without flinching, and to laugh at the wounds and the scars of a hotly-contested game, is very good discipline, and tends to develop manliness of character. And then, again, it is an admirable training in courage for young fellows to go cheerfully to such a field of battle heedless of the hurts they are to bring away, and mindful only of the necessity to do their best for the glory of the team and college. So even the one objection to the game has, in my opinion, another important side which pretty nearly, if not entirely, cancels it. When I have another chance and better facilities I mean to report a foot ball game.

Of this, all I have space to say is that Yale won by a score of twelve to nothing. Yale appeared to outclass Princeton just a little bit. But Princeton played bravely and stubbornly, and the light, shaggy hair of Princeton's captain was the most conspicuous figure on the field from the beginning to the close of the game.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION.

WE reproduce on another page, from the *Illustrated London News*, a picture of the ceremony of re-consecrating the Schlosskirche of Wittenberg, with which so many dramatic incidents of the life of Luther were connected, and which has been recently restored at the cost of the Prussian government. This great work was projected by the Emperor William I. in 1883, but was mainly carried out by his son, then Crown Prince. The church, which is attached to the castle of Wittenberg, was built near the close of the fifteenth century, but was partially destroyed in 1760, during the Seven Years' War. The church was repaired by King Frederick William III. in 1817, but it was not until 1846 that Frederick William IV. commenced larger works of restoration, including additional memorials of the Reformation. The latter were completed in 1858. The main architectural restoration, which amounted to almost a rebuilding of the principal structure, was deferred until a recent period. These restorations having been now completed, the ceremony of re-consecration took place on the 31st of October last with ceremonies of the most impressive and imposing character. The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by representatives of all the Protestant States of Germany and northern Europe, attended the religious service, and subsequently went to the Luther Hall at the university, where a formal record of this act was signed. Here they also reviewed a procession of twenty groups of historical figures in costume, including that of "Luther's car," or, more properly, "the Reformation car," and illustrating the history of Wittenberg for seven centuries.

CREMATING DAHOMEYANS.

The war in Dahomey, West Africa, has practically reached an end. It will be remembered that it originated from an attack by the black king upon two French seaboard trading posts. A French expeditionary force of three thousand men under the command of Colonel Dodds has for the last two or three months been fighting its way to Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, and at last accounts had entered the place. The Dahomey King, Behanzin, had disappeared, and with him a greater part of the population of the capital. Colonel Dodds is reinstating the authorities, and taking measures to occupy the coast territory of Dahomey. Six hundred Nagos who live north of Abomey have submitted to the French. Some of the engagements which preceded the occupation were of a severe character, involving considerable loss on both sides. The French found it necessary to cremate the bodies of those who fell in battle, and we give a picture on another page, from the *Paris Illustration*, illustrating one of these events.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE DEMONSTRATION IN BELGIUM.

The recent action of the Constitution Revision Committee of the Belgian Parliament, in rejecting the proposition to grant universal suffrage and adopting the proposition to grant the franchise only to householders, was the cause of a great public demonstration in Brussels on November 8th. On that date King Leopold opened Parliament in person. In his speech the King spoke in approval of the work of the revisionists, and said: "In making a revision of the constitution dependent upon the vote of an exceptional majority, your forefathers sought to prevent it from being treated as a party question. It is in this spirit that the proposals will be submitted to you. I am convinced that the revised constitution will be a work of concord, wisdom and progress." The King drove to and from Parliament through lines of troops and of the civic guard, behind which were massed dense crowds of the populace. There were some manifestations of discontent on the part of socialistic workmen, who, not being as a class householders, are not allowed to vote. The heartiest voicing of the multitude, however, was the cry of "Long live the King!" Our picture, from *Le Monde Illustré*, shows the King, accompanied by Prince Albert and his staff, returning to the royal palace.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION IN PARIS IN THE RUE BOUS-ENFANTS.

This most horrible explosion was not directed against those unfortunates who fell victims to the catastrophe, but is another instance of the failure of dynamite to accomplish the end intended. The infernal machine which caused the disaster was accidentally discovered placed against the door of the office of the *Compagnie de Carmaux*. The janitor, who made the discovery, carried it to the police-office in the *Rue des Bons-Enfants* and there, almost as soon as it was deposited, occurred the calamity illus-

trated. A loud report was followed by the total destruction of the room, its contents, and the five unhappy men who were pursuing their duties within its walls. The mangled limbs and bodies were each gathered tenderly in a large cloth, and carried in melancholy procession to their various homes. Our picture is from the *Paris Le Monde Illustré*.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.

WE give elsewhere illustrations of a number of the State buildings which were recently dedicated to the uses for which they are designed. Prominent among these is the New York building, which is of Florentine design, and is one of the most imposing of the State buildings on the exposition grounds. The dedicatory ceremonies were attended by considerable display, and greatly interested New-Yorkers and others who participated in them. The addresses of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, Governor Flower, and Archbishop Corrigan were all eminently appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Depew expressed the belief that citizens of New York will recognize in the architecture and appointments of the building very much that is worthy of the State, while foreigners will find it an object-lesson of the marvelous growth of our great commonwealth. Governor Flower, in his remarks, said that, "representing ten per cent. of the population of the United States, sixteen per cent. of the assessed valuation of property, and probably twenty per cent. of the actual wealth," New York must naturally be expected to make an exhibit worthy of her place in the Union, and to house it in a style befitting the constituency whose skill, industry, and genius they represent. It is to be hoped that the expectation of the Governor as to the character of the New York exhibit may be fully realized. No State in the Union should profit more largely from the opportunity which the exposition will afford to set forth its industrial resources and its inventive capabilities than our own.

The New Jersey State building is a facsimile of the Washington headquarters at Morristown, which of late years has become the Mecca of patriotic pilgrims, tens of thousands of whom visit it annually. The many State buildings, while differing in their architecture, are all admirably adapted for their contemplated uses.

NOVEMBER.

I love the woods in this drear November,
The leaves that whirl from the faded trees
With the wild, strange tune I so well remember,
Out in their dance, on the reckless breeze.
I love their song, with no music fit,
Better than trill of lark or linnet.

I love the world in this drear November,
The dappled sky with its folds of gray,
Where the glow of the last red sunset ember
Fades, on night's hearthstone, far away.
I love the stars, through the faint mist showing,
Better than all the moonlight's glowing.

I love my life in this drear November—
Its tender snow and its pure, keen frost.
That tell how near is the heart's December,
How dear the dreams we have dreamed—and
lost.
Yet, pain forgetting and ill forgiving,
I love my life, for the joy of living.

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

MUSICAL MENTION.

THE SEIDL SUNDAY-EVENING CONCERTS AT LENOX LYCEUM.

THE issue of our Christmas number prevented our usual notice of the music of the week. On the evening of November 27th Mr. Seidl treated his patrons to a genuine novelty. In addition to the usual orchestral numbers, which contained Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," and the Parisian version of Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser," the programme included quite an extensive excerpt from the opera of "The Jewess," by Halévy. This included six numbers, four of which were vocal, and were interpreted in excellent spirit by Messrs. Campanini and Fischer and Mesdames Lincoln and Fabris. The house was crowded as usual.

THE DAMROSCH SUNDAY-EVENING CONCERTS AT MUSIC HALL.

There seems to be quite a competition between Messrs. Damrosch and Seidl in catering for the musical public in the way of novelty. Mr. Damrosch has also entered the operatic field, even more comprehensively than Mr. Seidl, in giving a very interesting series of selections from "Lohengrin" (without doubt the most popular opera of the day, not excepting "Faust"). The specially drilled chorus of 250 (?) voices acquitted themselves with great credit, especially in the finale to the first act. Mme. Blauvelt was in splendid voice, and Miss Lizzie Mac-Nicol made quite a successful debut before a metropolitan audience. Mr. Damrosch gave

evidence of being well pleased with the work of his chorus.

The first concert of the Oratorio Society under the direction of Mr. Damrosch took place in Music Hall on Saturday, November 26th, when a splendid rendition of Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel" was given with excellent effect.

SOME NOTES ON A WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

THE Congress of Women, which has just been held in the main auditorium of one of the principal churches of Minneapolis, was in some regards the most significant gathering of women ever held in the West. It was local, or rather municipal, in the restricted sense of urban affairs, but it was national in its broader and perfectly legitimate meaning.

Those who have given the matter anything like the consideration it deserves will tell you that the women of this country, advanced as they are beyond the women of any other country, are, as a class, woefully wanting in desirable knowledge on all the points involved in the public consideration of important social, religious, or economic affairs. This does not argue that there are no women who are keen in debate, sharp in repartee, forceful in argument, sound in logic, mistresses of all the fascinating powers of public debate.

But the most skilled women in these matters are the most rare. It was a desire to become skilled in all the essentials of public affairs of the nature indicated that led to the formation of the Minneapolis Council of Woman's Organizations.

In April of the present year the council was organized, and it has been uninterruptedly successful ever since, having grown far beyond the expectations or even the hopes of the most sanguine of its founders. The council comprises every woman's organization of whatsoever kind, so long as it be in reality as well as in name a woman's organization. It welcomes every organized force whose propulsion is from women.

The council proper is made up of two representatives of each organization, one of whom shall be, where practicable, the president of the society. It is constitutionally provided that no society shall lose its identity or personality in any way, or be merged in any degree into any other organization. Neither has the council, as a body, any right to bind any society in the least degree, nor to give any bias to its official deliberations. In a word, each society preserves its autonomy intact. The fact that there is this representative council in no way infringes upon the rights of the individual members, for each is entitled to all the privileges of the floor, of debate, of participation in the presentation of papers, though they have not the right to vote in the affairs of the council which are of a purely perfunctory nature.

There is, also, an executive committee composed of the officers and one representative from each of the organizations in the council. The special business of this committee is to provide for the general interests of the council.

Fortnightly the general council holds what is called an open parliament. At this parliament the exercises are under the immediate control of some section of the council; as, for instance, the literary or the philanthropic. The section in charge provides the programme, which consists of papers on some topic allied to the work of the section, followed by debate. In all the proceedings of the parliament the strictest parliamentary law is observed and the members of the council, all of whom are allowed the privileges of debate, here receive a practical and thoroughly helpful lesson in the actualities of platform affairs. Rules of order are adopted and the attempt is made to enforce them with fidelity.

It is part of the written and unwritten law of the council that there shall be no attempt on the part of any section to foist upon the council for adoption any of the particular views of such section.

Once every year the council broadens out into a congress. In this congress there is an amplification of the council in such essentials as make it a gathering of even greater interest than the fortnightly parliaments. These annual meetings are worked up with the most careful attention to all the details. For weeks in advance the ladies work upon their papers and fit themselves for the debates which are to follow. The congress recently in session, during the closing days of November, had for consideration topics which would be worthy the most careful attention of the most learned of men. There were, for instance, such subjects as these:

"The Trained Nurse," "The Necessity for Public and Private Hospitals," "Froebel," "Some Phases of Education," "American Women in Literature," "Why We Study Art

History," "Some of the Causes of Poverty," "Woman's Suffrage," "Moral Development of Children," "Salvation," "What Greek Art Owes to Egypt," "Boswell and the Great Biography," "Woman's Work in Temperance," "The Progress of Temperance," "The Scientific Cure of the Drink Habit," "The Relation of Gospel Temperance to the Drink Habit," "Metaphysical Law—What It Teaches and What It Does," "Woman's Work in City Missions," "Certain Epochs in the World's History," "Existing Relations between the United States and Great Britain," "Motherhood a Profession," "Ethics of History."

These papers are not the school-girl efforts of the seminary. They are the work of earnest, educated, cultivated women—women who are deeply devoted to the principles that are involved in the papers they prepare. They are just such women as may be found in any great American city, eager and glad of the opportunity to wield their powerful influence for the ennobling of their sex. There were nearly sixty organizations represented in the council, with a total membership of three thousand. These three thousand women are not only prominent in all the advance work of reform and leaders in the many branches they represent, but they are women who shine, many of them, in the light of social scenes, and who are reigning queens in the splendid dominion of the home, and who are steadfast and loyal in their devotion to the interests of the poor and the oppressed and the outcast.

The dictum that women predominate in the religious life of the world to-day receives special emphasis in the first act of every open parliament, for, no matter who has charge of the programme of the hour, the same act must be performed—the recitation of the Lord's Prayer in concert. And there is a strong suggestion of conservatism in the provision of the constitution that any proposed amendment to the constitution shall be submitted to the council and laid upon the table for one year. Even at the expiration of that time it requires a two-thirds vote of the council to make the amendment operative.

It will be of interest to give the names of the various organizations represented in this council. It will be a tangible token of the scope of this important organization to read this list:



THE SOUTH DAKOTA CORN-BELT EXPOSITION—THE CORN PALACE AT MITCHELL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WILTSE.—[SEE PAGE 417.]



MRS. T. B. WALKER, PRESIDENT.



MRS. F. E. TOWERS, TREASURER.



MRS. W. M. TENNEY, VICE-PRESIDENT.



MRS. CHARLOTTE O. VAN CLEVE, WHO WAS THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN WISCONSIN.



MRS. KATE BUFFINGTON DAVIS.



MRS. J. S. PILLSBURY, WIFE OF EX-GOVERNOR PILLSBURY.

THE RECENT WOMAN'S CONGRESS AT MINNEAPOLIS—PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE OFFICERS AND PROMINENT PARTICIPANTS.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 421.]

Literature.—Woman's Branch Fortnightly Club, Peripatetics, Coterie, Nineteenth Century Club, Tuesday Club, Woman's Branch Ithaca Theosophical Society, Pilgrims, Ladies Shakespeare Club, Current Events and Literary Society, Tourists, Emerson Society.

Art.—Castalian Club, Ceramic Club, Monday Club, Clio Circle, European History Class, Pioneer History Club, Columbian Club.

Temperance.—Central W. C. T. U., Non-partisan W. C. T. U.

Philanthropy.—Woman's Homeopathic Society, Home for Children and Aged Women, Ladies Auxiliary Eighth Ward Relief Association, Jenny Lind Society, Zarah Ladies, Ladies Social Circle, Young Ladies Home Mission, Woman's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Woman's Branch of Unity Club.

Church.—Angelini Society, Thirteenth Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church Aid Society, Westminster City Mission Society, Presbyterian

Missionary Union, Missionary Union of Congregational Church, Auxiliary to National Christian Woman's Board of Missions.

Education.—Franco-American Club, Mothers in Council, Froebel Kindergarten Association.

Metaphysics.—Christian Science Association.

Hospital.—Northwestern Hospital, Maternity Hospital, Homeopathic Hospital.

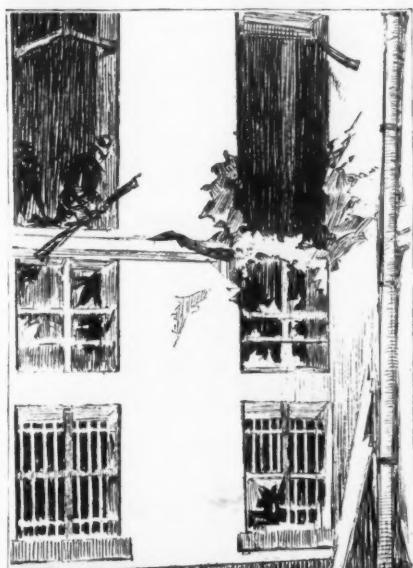
Reform.—Bethany Home, Woman Suffrage Society, Woman's Mutual Aid Club, Woman's Branch Tax League.

In all organizations there must be those who guide. It is absolutely essential that there should be some one who can be called upon to direct when there are clouds, to stand firm when

there are dangers, to advise, correct, admonish. Not all of these things, mayhap, has the president of this organization been called upon to do, but she has proven her rare executive ability and her complete fitness for the difficult and often pioneerish work involved in an organization so broad and sweeping in its scope as this one.

The council has for its officers the following ladies: President, Mrs. T. B. Walker; vice-president, Mrs. W. M. Tenney; recording secretary, Mrs. H. P. Judson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. W. Lewis; treasurer, Mrs. F. E. Towers.

W. S. HARWOOD.



THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY—CREMATING THE BODIES OF DAHOMEYANS KILLED IN BATTLE.



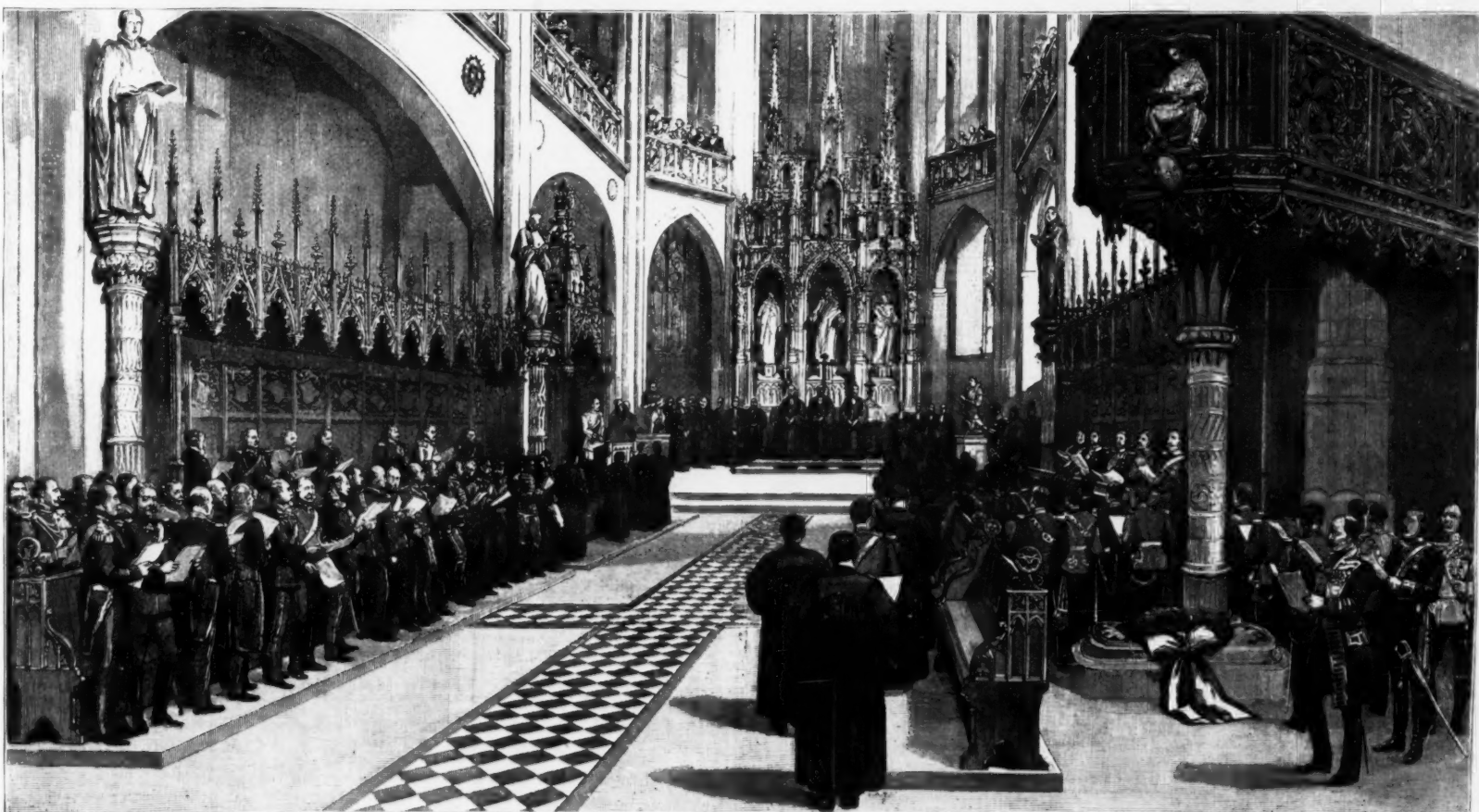
THE EXPLOSION OF THE COMMISSARIAT IN THE RUE DES BONS-ENFANTS, PARIS.



MISS KATE MARSDEN, HEROINE OF THE LEPER-RELIEF WORK IN SIBERIA.



BELGIUM.—THE UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE MANIFESTATION IN BRUSSELS.



(Luther's Tomb.)

THE RECENT LUTHER FESTIVAL—CONSECRATION OF THE RESTORED SCHLOSSKIRCHE AT WITTENBERG BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 421.]

"I—ER—I d—didn't bring the ring to-night," he said in an embarrassed tone. "Why, Henry? Why not?" she asked in a severe tone and with a reproachful look. "Well—er—the fact is—er—the other—the other girl who—er—who had it hasn't—er—hasn't sent it back yet."—*Boston Transcript.*

A MAN frequently corned is most apt to acquire a husky voice.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

SPEAKING of the rush for office just now, the *New York Sun* has just one comment. It says, "Gosh!"

HIS PARTING SHOT. He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Ida?" She—"I don't think I could, George." He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared. You are too old to learn."—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHEN Johnnie rouses mamma's ire by pranks which do offend her, she takes him to the woodshed now and uses her suspender.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 930 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

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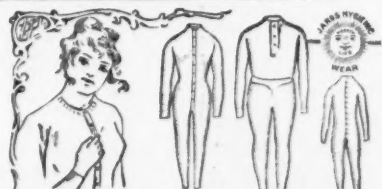
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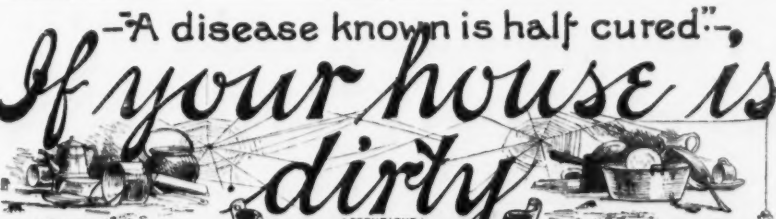
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